ADOLF HITLER'S FAREWELL ADDRESS . . . By Hermann Broch

THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

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by D. W. Brogan
Reviewed by Leonard Bacon

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by André Gide
Reviewed by Vincent Sheean

"HOW TO TELL PROGRESS FROM REACTION"
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"LAND OF THE FREE"
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"ARGENTINE RIDDLE"
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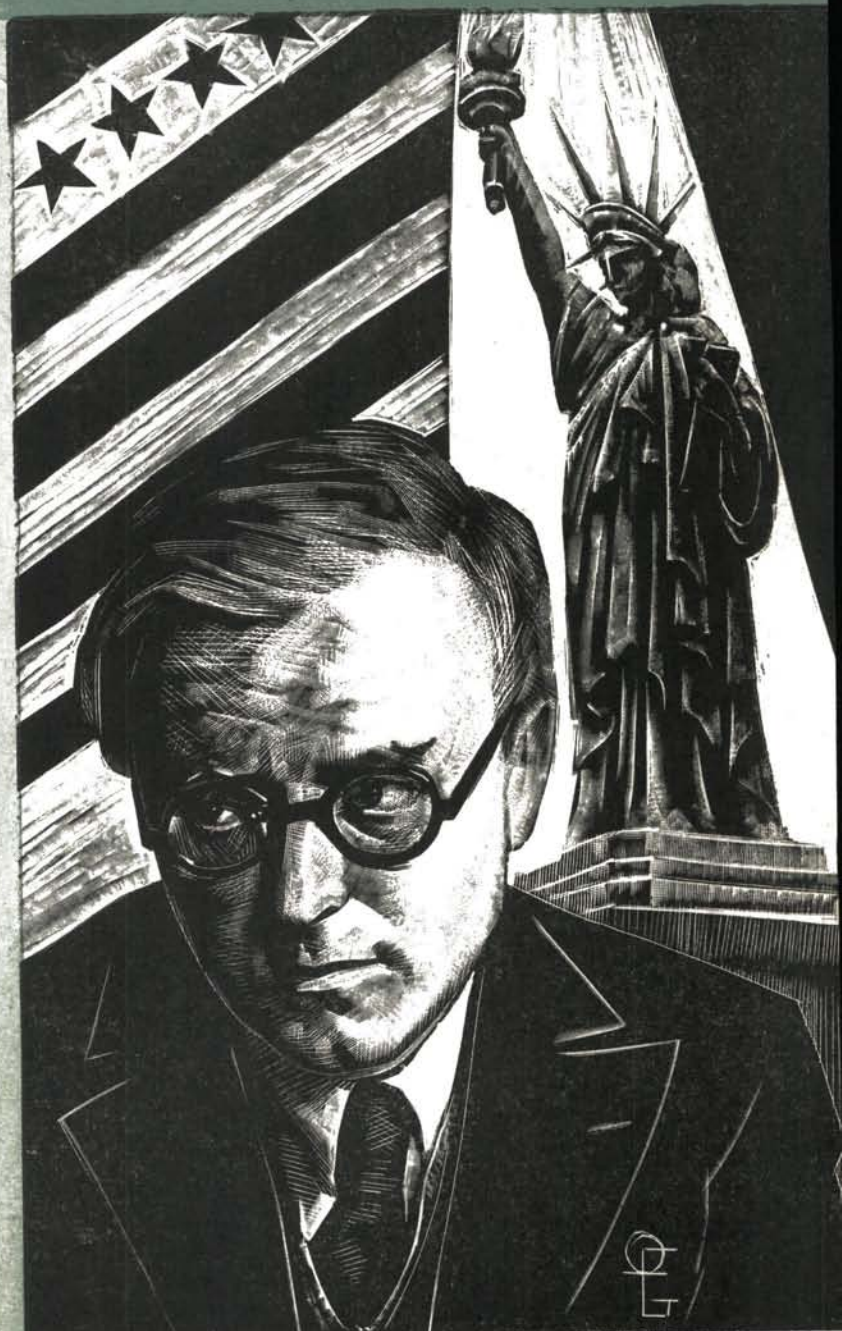

—SRL Wood Engraving by Frances O'Brien Garfield

D. W. BROGAN "is full of delightful learning which is used for purposes of illumination." (See page 8)

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"Windfall wood in the fireplace
Burns a sweet peppery smell."

"That is the way the book strikes me," says William Rose Benét, concerning THE MIDDLE KINGDOM, a new book of poems by Christopher Morley. "And there is more wit and wisdom in it than the professional wits and wiseacres could belabor from their minds in a coon's age. When you think of the flood of lies, drivel, bad taste and worse morals to which we are subjected by newsprint and numbered dial, this verse is a clear spring. Emerson is one of my gods as a poet, and I get the same feeling when I read

'Where her crystal overran it
I lay down in channeled granite;
Braced against the pushing planet
I bathed in Ammonoosuc.'

The last two lines Emerson would have wished to write.

"In *Hampstead Coach* Morley has written one of the best of poems about Keats, as he did another. His sonnets have great freshness, and he has ticked off Pope to the Muses' taste. His lighter moments of mirth and satire and wrath are priceless, and *Around the Clock* is the best poem written to the German people; but it is *Toulemonde* that I would recommend to the judicious. Until you know *Toulemonde* you have missed the most quietly succulent asparagus of the mind.

"In midstream of deadly seriousness is the tidal return of poetry. Once Elinor Wylie called Christopher Morley the latterday Herrick. *A Song for Eros* is beautiful, and *Dogwood Tree* also.

"I should hope that the Council on Books in Wartime would distribute THE MIDDLE KINGDOM to the troops. Seriously. It would be very good for morale. Those who can really read would pack it along into battle—I would, and hope to die saying 'The fire, the stream, the growing tree...'"

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

The Middle Kingdom

POEMS 1929-1944

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY $2.00

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THE OTHER DAY we sent our printers an order for a new edition—2,500 copies—of a book called WHO WALK ALONE, which we published originally in 1940. Routine as the act of ordering a further printing of a book usually is, there was a difference about this case; surely we had reprinted the book once before this year? Investigation proved that we had. In fact, it showed that this was the *twenty-second* edition of WHO WALK ALONE.

True enough, the printings have not been large—they total only some sixty thousand copies. And not all of those copies have been sold through bookstores, either, though a good many have. WHO WALK ALONE is not the kind of book that appears on best-seller lists. But ordering the twenty-second printing of it set us to remembering about how we came to publish it in the first place . . .

The manuscript came in to us from Nannine Joseph, a literary agent whom we admire. She admitted frankly that she had tried to place the book elsewhere and that it had been turned down. "Why?" we asked her.

"It's a story of a man who found out he had leprosy" she replied.

"Is it a true story?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "The man's real name wasn't Ned Langford, the way it is in the book, but he really existed. And all the facts are true. Perry Burgess—the author—knew Ned personally before he died."

We agreed to read the manuscript, but we told Nannine that in our opinion the public would have an almost infinite capacity for staying away from the autobiography of a leper. "You're running up against one of the great social taboos here, Nannine," we said.

"This is the kind of book that can override any taboo," she answered.

And she was right. We had not got far in the manuscript before we discovered that Perry Burgess had written an epic of the human spirit, a story so triumphant in its affirmation of life, so full of courage and warm humanity, so expert and engrossing as a narrative that anyone who gave the book even the smallest kind of reading would forget his previous prejudices, and be swept along to the final page . . .

So we published WHO WALK ALONE, back in 1940. The booksellers told us people would not buy a book about a leper. We countered by asking them personally to read it. They did, and promptly recognized the power and beauty of the book; they made it the Booksellers' Discovery in their annual National Book Awards. Every major reviewer praised it with an obvious sincerity and warmth. Little by little, WHO WALK ALONE began to sell.

Then the letters began to come in, letters such as a publisher seldom received. A letter from a woman who was dying and who wrote to say that here was a book which had given her faith and the courage she needed. A letter from a man who had been crippled in an accident and who found that WHO WALK ALONE had helped him to take up his life again with hope and confidence. Letters from every age and kind of person, full of gratitude for the fact that such a book existed . . . And steadily, season after season, we ordered new printings.

The real purpose of this page is to say that WHO WALK ALONE is still in print, and will remain so as long as we have any paper at all. We believe that it is fresher and more important now than the day we published it. Here is a book to read against the many tragedies of war—the loss of some one loved, the bitterness of readjustment to life with a physical handicap, and all the pain and horror that war visits upon people. Ned Langford, telling his story to Perry Burgess on the distant island of Culion, has left a moving legacy of hope and courage to the world from which he was an exile.

Who Walk Alone

By PERRY BURGESS

PRICE, $2.75

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY
257 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK 10

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Adolf Hitler's Farewell Address

HERMANN BROCH

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Herewith the text of Adolf Hitler's farewell address to the German people, as anticipated by Hermann Broch, distinguished German writer, who suggests that as you read it you try to imagine the Fuehrer's voice, filled with his unmistakable, excited self-assurance. It is the voice of a lie that is convinced of itself and therefore is able to convince every liar. Mr. Broch is the author of "The Death of Virgil," a forthcoming Pantheon Press book. Before coming to this country in 1939, Mr. Broch earned widespread recognition for his novel, "The Sleepwalkers," an English translation published by Little, Brown & Co.*

"I owe it to German honor to die in freedom. . . ."

GERMAN MEN AND WOMEN:—The red beast already licks at the frontiers of our Eastern Marches, and the mercenaries of Western Mammon are about to cross Germany's holy stream. A noble prey is encircled by hounds. Once more German fate fulfills itself—a fate shudderingly foreseen by every one of our national heroes—the great Bismarck not least among them. Time and again a peaceful people, the most peaceful people of Europe, has been called upon by history to stave off that tragic, violent fate by wars of defense and the shedding of the blood of its sons. To go down, victorious, to be victorious in defeat—such has been German destiny since time immemorial, and such will remain Germany's fate—its Niebelungen fate—through all time to come. The downfall of heroes! This is a great spectacle indeed for humanity all over the world, and for no one is it a greater spectacle than for international Jewry, which feasts its delighted eyes on our suffering.

Yet I have taken care to season their malicious joy with tears. We, on the contrary, have to bear our lot without tears. Doom and disaster can only steel the German hero. The baseness of his opponent may take his candid soul by surprise, but can never drive it to despair. This will again be the case this time. In all its kindheartedness the German people expected their neighbors' goodness to match their own. Baffled and amazed, they will now be forced again to recognize that not lambs but wolves have attacked them. And nothing will be left for them to defend themselves with but their bare courage, the courage of righteousness. Be brave, oh Germany—these are my last words to you!—

(*With deep calm*): German men and women! These are in fact my last words. I take my leave of you. I take leave of my office. I take leave of life. Germany's enemies ask that I be surrendered to them. They are determined to break asunder the German sword, and therefore they must also break Germany's leader. This is why the hypocrites loudly call out for my punishment, for as long as I am alive Germany is not completely defenseless. But not only does the enemy abroad clamor for my "punishment"; but the wretched enemy within adds his voice. Moved by an ardent wish to spare German blood as much as possible, I have refrained from stamping these inner enemies out to the last man. It sufficed our forbearance to constrain them to cowardly silence. Now they will prove their gratitude by raising their snake's heads and spitting at me.

These cowards have never understood that in the end there exists but one revolution: the National Socialist revolution; they never realized that there really never was any other and there never will be any other. Now they will try to destroy its fruits by a ridiculous mock-counterrevolution, by blaming the National Socialist Party, the National Socialist idea, by blaming me for the disaster that has overtaken Germany. By such methods do these cowards, whose only real craving is for dollars and Soviet rubles, cringingly curry favor with Germany's enemies. Rightly do they call themselves the "other Germany"; for they have expatriated themselves, no matter how grandiloquently they may pose as the guardians of German culture and the stalwarts of Weimar, whose name they have already besmirched with their Jew-republic.

These outlaws hate me, if possible, even more than our external enemies do. But neither they nor the others shall lay their dirty clutches upon me—this I promise you faithfully. Believe me, I myself would have suggested my extradition, had I been able to soften Germany's fate by doing so. But softness is unknown to wolves—and my humiliation would only add new humiliation to German misery. I owe it to German honor to die in freedom, as befits a German. In full freedom I will order my own death. And a German sword in the fist of a free German man will strike me down.

THE enemy rabble will tell you lies galore about the "other Germany," about the German culture that we National Socialists are said to have trampled underfoot. Of course—they would like to preserve German culture in order to go on despoiling it, as they have done since Roman days. (*With scorn*): They have praise indeed for German culture, but they want to exterminate the German people—again on the pattern of the Rome of old. No wonder that in the ever-recurrent crises by which they are threatened, the German people have always been forced to put their culture behind their sacred duty to survive, and that since Arminius's days

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their leaders had always to shoulder the responsibility for doing so. I need not defend myself before you. The battle in the Teutoburg forest has had to be fought over and over again for the survival of German culture. And over and over again German culture was threatened whenever "another Germany" formed like a cancer on the German body.

German culture is European culture, it is the culture of America, it is the culture of the world. The German folk has been called upon to guard it. On all sides unchained materialism rages: clad as capitalism in the West, and as communism in the East. Both are equally acquisitive-minded and equally greedy for plunder. True, they hate each other. But when, in order to break the iron ring of materialism, I proposed to the Western powers an alliance against Asiaticism, they disavowed the one drop of good blood left in the bodies of their peoples; we could not make ourselves understood; they could not understand how a people could cast its very life in the balance simply for an idea, and how Europe's culture and civilization could mean a thousandfold more to a nation than booty, property and power. Their materialism was unable to conceive of such grandeur, and they preferred to remain on the side of the hated yet understandable Red Asiatics. (*The voice of the speaker grows more excited.*)

For capitalism and communism understand each other quite well. They understand each other across the barrier of their mutual hatred—they understand each other in their common hatred for a nation that wants to have nothing more to do with struggles over economic forms because it has subordinated its own economic forms to a greater and nobler idea, turning its back on Mammonism as well as on Asiaticism. And thus these beings, abandoned by culture and lacking all culture, these conspiring gangsters of the East and West, had no other alternative but to foist on us their own motives, accuse us of their own lust for plunder and aggression, and brand us as barbarians and Huns bent—so they said—on destroying what they call humanity in their jargon.

Of all nations the German people alone are culturally conscious. The German alone stands up for culture, and therefore knows better than any other nation what humanity really is. (*With subdued, faintly trembling voice*): The German has no intention of touching a hair on an animal's head, let alone on a human being's. But a culturally conscious nation is also one that is conscious of its responsibility for culture; for such a nation humanity, along with culture, must rank above the individual. Culturally threatened by the international materialism encircling us, culturally threatened by international Jewry and its corrupted mercenaries in our midst, we took up the fight for world culture, for world civilization. For humanity's sake we had to restore to its full purity the center of world culture—true Germanism. That fight we began—even our enemies will admit that—with utter humaneness and in all moderation. We asked our hostile guests to leave the soil of the Reich, and even permitted them to carry with them substantial parts of their possessions; thus we sacrificed billions of Germany's national wealth to our own generosity.

BUT the so-called democracies of the West as well as the so-called Socialism of the East were far from ready to accept with open arms those Jewish-guests we offered them; partly because they had to pay heed to the remnants of healthy anti-Semitic instinct still extant in their own populations; but mostly because they wanted to keep their international allies within the Reich's borders. Thus our hands were forced: with a heavy heart the German people was driven to more drastic means. Murder and robbery! was shouted by the enemy chorus, murder and robbery! was yelled by the international Jewish rabble. But in spite of all the outcry, nothing was done for the poor victims. (*With deep scorn*): May I then ask where the real inhumanity lay? With those who were forced to take certain necessary measures for the sake of the greatest idea ever born of a human brain? Or with those who could not grasp that idea and yet in spite of that could not bring themselves to perform a humane act.

Inhumanity is much too inherent in both capitalism and bloodthirsty Asiaticism to make them capable of any active sympathy. And it was more important to them to be able to blame us for what they called unbridled cruelty. They have long ago forfeited any right to blame us! They know nothing of the responsibility of cruelty. But to me fell the fearful task of awakening warlike cruelty in the German soul, and of educating the German people and the German youth in cruelty. I had to shoulder that responsibility, and to make that sacrifice—the greatest of all that can be thrust upon a soft-hearted people. Providence singled me out because the redemption of mankind and mankind's civilization could not be postponed any longer. The German people felt this when it adopted the National Socialist idea and entrusted its welfare to my leadership.

Popular feeling was truly healthy when it sensed that the time had come for redemption, and realized that in the face of the blindness, deafness, and stupidity of the liberal-communistic world, redemption could come only by the sword. German culture is tied up with German living space—and the time had come for the defense of that too. A defenseless country without natural strategic frontiers is at the mercy of its stronger, militarily prepared neighbors; mechanics of power politics in the end demand with inexorable necessity the partition of that country. This was Poland's fate in the past two centuries, since it was unable to check the expansion of the Russian colossus. Quite logically, Russion policy has ever since been directed toward the destruction of her former partner in Poland's partition: first, in order to gain sole overlordship over Poland, and secondly, to spread her partition methods further west. By a fourth partition, truly to the benefit of the Polish people, we were able to halt the process in 1939, but the greed of the Western powers frustrated our plan.

Now we face the partition of Germany. Don't let anybody deceive you: no matter how they disguise it, it is partition! Unnoticed, lines of demarcation will be drawn on the map for the future spheres of influence, by means of which Germany's holy soil will be handed over to Russia and her sub-human satellites on the one hand, to the Western powers and treacherous France on the other. (*Screaming*): Don't let yourselves be fooled—Germany will be torn apart into capitalist and communist halves underhandedly set against each other by the perfidy of East and West, to prevent the German unity they dread so much from ever rising again.

Don't fool yourselves—today the butchers Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin shake their blood-stained hands, but not to celebrate a peace, least

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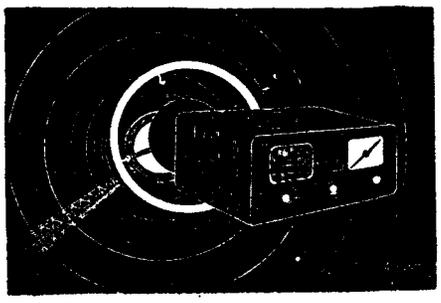
of all a peace Germans too may share. For only one who knows so little of the lust for power as does the German fights and triumphs for the sake of peace; whereas these materialistic hordes have snatched the victory which they so little deserve only with an eye to future wars. An armed conflict between the materialistic powers is inevitable. It will be another Thirty Years' War, fought out again, like that three hundred years ago, on Germany's tortured soil. This is what is in store for you, and you will have to summon the courage to look this calamity in its venomous eye. I wanted to avert it, but I came too late—the right moment had already passed, despite the impetuosity with which I stormed into the breach. If you in your German smugness had not neglected my warnings for so long and had thrown out your rotten parliamentary system sooner, the calamity would have been averted and together with the rest of the world you would now enjoy the blessings of perpetual peace. (*The speaker pauses for thought.*)

I ALONE have fought for peace, I alone, and I was betrayed in that fight. Not only did my allies betray me: the cowardly Italians, the corruptible Rumanians, the servile Bulgars, and the fickle Finns; no, my own generals also betrayed me—true, only those who were degenerate aristocrats estranged from the people—but they were still German generals. They attacked me from the rear. For the materialistic world is one of treachery, ruled by Latin and Slav and Hebrew perfidy, by trickery and counter-trickery. I had to lead Germany through that world, just as I had to find my own way through it, and in the midst of all that it had the impudent hypocrisy to slander me, of all people, as a liar, when under certain circumstances I found myself forced to take back my word. I have never yet betrayed an ally; never yet has Germany betrayed an ally. On the contrary, whatever we did was intended to restore loyalty and faith to the world—as befits German loyalty and a German word of honor. What I wanted to do was to make mankind again capable of taking an oath, make it worthy of an oath by the sword. This was the only way the lying world could be rescued from Mammon's clutches and made again worthy of peace. The redemption failed. The sub-human, sub-bestial nature of man in all its rottenness refused to be lifted up to the human level.

Man's nature is hateful, utterly odious in its rotten deceitfulness. I have taught you Germans to hate



whatever is rotten, to share the burning hatred which has filled me all my life, and which commanded me to my deed of redemption. (*Impatiently*): But do not think that I was blind to your own rottenness, and did not see how deeply rooted it was in your own bones. I needed you for my deed of redemption as fellow fighters—exactly as I needed my allies in the war, no matter how well aware I was from the very beginning of their inborn treachery. (*Wildly*): And since I needed you I taught you that because of your Aryan blood you were better than the rest. You could be better indeed, but you are not. There is only one who is pure and loyal and truthful, and that is Hess, whom I have lost. As for the rest, there is no one among you that is not rotten to the core; and even those whom I lifted up and seemed to honor by my confidence, even those are made of the same mean stuff as all the rest—traitors and liars in your innermost selves.

I got rid of Röhm and his gang. The others I drove ever deeper into crime and made them such close accomplices that they have no choice but to keep in line. This was the only way to control you. I degraded you to your own innate bestiality; and as such you can be tamed only by the whip and cold steel. I thrust you down to the depths of your own vileness and worthlessness. For not before you are stripped of your mendaciousness and hypocrisy, not before you face the nothingness which is yourselves and to which you cling—not before then can you begin to rise again, and not before then will you be worthy of the German name which you bear and of the German blood which flows in your veins. (*With disgust*): That you are unworthy of these makes you even more hateful than the others, the non-Germans I pitted you against. I taught you to hate because you are so hateful yourselves. I never told you I loved you, but now I tell you that I hate you, and that you will deserve your fate. I hated and despised you when you cheered me, and now I hate and despise you in your misery. You were not yet worthy of the peace I wanted to bring you, you were not yet worthy of me. First you must be whipped with scorpions that you may become worthy—you and all humanity with you.

I hate you. I hate you because you are Germans, because you are men. (*Screaming*): I hate men, I hate mankind. Not through love is man made human. Not through love do peace and justice or even love itself come into the world. Only hate, the deepest hatred of mankind, can accomplish that. For truth must rise from nothingness. Only through nothingness can man be redeemed. The crucified Jew knew that, too. He, too, whom I hate more than anything else on earth—he, too, hated. But being a Jew, he was too cowardly to admit it to himself, and veiled it instead in words of love. The hypocrisy avenged itself. His work had to remain unfinished. It was doomed from the very beginning to break and crumble on mine. (*Trembling with hatred*): I am stronger than he, in my ascent as well as in my fall I was stronger than he, and my death will be stronger than his. My self-immolation is free from his hypocrisy. I honestly acknowledged my hatred; I have always openly acted according to it. And by virtue of that honesty German redemption vanquished the hypocritical one of the Jew. This is my greatest victory. Not for a short two thousand years, as did the Jew's, will my spirit survive. No, my spirit will survive for ten thousands, for hundrews of thousands of years.

AND therefore do not believe for a moment that I leave anything unfinished behind, or that my sacrifice is futile. My deed cannot be cancelled out. (*In screaming triumph*): *That deed must and will live on.* With my superhuman, god-like hatred I ushered in the great nothingness. I made beasts of you. I plunged the world into utter savagery. I corrupted your children, so corrupted them that for years to come they can sink only deeper and ever deeper until ultimate nothingness is reached. I sacrificed culture for the sake of that noble culture of the future which will bear my name. I sacrificed man for the sake of future mankind, and it will worship me for having saved it. The great sacrifice cannot be halted, and hecatombs will fall to the greatness and irresistibility of its consummation. (*His voice becomes calm again*): Whether as friend or foe, whether against me or with me, they are all my followers. (*With great positiveness*): First, because a spark of my inextinguishable spirit burns in every warrior's heart, be it even in that of one who believes himself my foe; secondly, because the streams of blood spilled on the battle-

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field weld all the fallen into a single army forever; and thirdly, because the army is the soul's salvation of every man, and every one in it will receive salvation through me.

Every single fallen soldier enters into me, and I am each one of them. Millions and millions of killed will populate the earth, and I will march in the van of the army of the dead—I, the embodiment of the army, the embodiment of them all, establishing with their help the kingdom of nothingness from which mankind will be born anew. Yes indeed; (*screaming*) that is the way it will be! Do you hear me? The crucifixion of a single man is not enough for redemption. Nay, entire nations, nay, all nations, must be nailed to the cross! Then at last will nothingness be attained. Then at last will the great purity come into its own. For nothingness devours filth and devours the lie. Darkness dissolves in nothingness, for from nothingness comes light. Nothingness is the supreme test, which only the genuine will withstand. I have prepared the great ordeal of nothingness, and the race that will issue from it will do so in purity free from all dross. No trace will remain of the slave nations with their filth and their sub-human, black-eyed dwarf-rabble. All these and their lies will go like ashes in the wind, dissolving into nothingness and forgotten for good. Then will come the reign of the light-eyed, the kingdom of true freedom, true fraternity, true love, for it will be the kingdom in which human dignity will have passed through and withstood the great ordeal. Forgotten will be the hypocritical justice and love with which the Judeo-Nazarene desired to embrace both the foul and the pure alike; forgotten will be the slave morals of filth. For mankind will be created out of the pure and the upright and the free alone. With my life I founded the National Socialist religion, with my death I will found the universal religion of purity. In its radiant brightness the dignity of man will be established forevermore. (*A short pause*) in my name will love come upon earth. Through me will—

At these words a shot rang out and the speech broke off. Who fired the shot will never be known. It is possible that Hitler killed himself or that one of his followers had been ordered to kill him at a moment chosen by Hitler himself. But in no case could the murderer have been an outsider. According to the unanimous testimony of eye-witnesses, one of the armed bands that had begun to spring up all over at that time forced the doors at the moment of the shot—as if moved by some utterly mystic knowledge of the event—and found Hitler already dead. A murderous free-for-all then broke out in Berlin and was halted only by the arrival of Allied airborne troops on the next day.

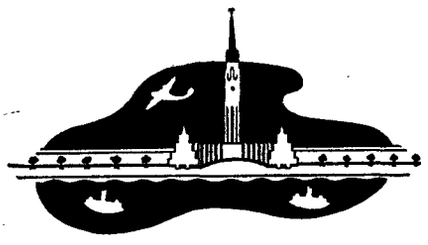
Professor Brogan's American Mural

THE AMERICAN CHARACTER. By D. W. Brogan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1944. 169 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

THERE was once an Englishman whose especial interest was political economy in its widest sense but who took all knowledge for his province into the bargain, because otherwise, as he was one of the first to notice, political economy did not make proper sense. He was skilful in reporting on another people, say France, when Savaignac's artillery secured Paris for the Third Napoleon. In lighter moments he would describe a literary figure to perfection or dissect the poetry of his time with such zest, humor, and justice that discerning persons everywhere looked forward eagerly to the next number of the financial journal he edited. His simple yet brilliant style made his contemporaries, Carlyle, Arnold, and Ruskin, appear pretentious and artificial. And when he died, barely fifty, he was paid the oddest of compliments. As if suffering from some personal sorrow, a great American insurance company published a complete edition of his works.

At his best Professor Brogan reminds the reviewer of that Englishman, who, of course, was Walter Bagehot. He is full of delightful learning which is used for purposes of illumination. His aperçus are edged tools. He is intelligent in William James's sense, that is, quick to perceive genuine analogies between things that to slower minds suggest no connection. He can look at tendencies or ideas with which he does not sympathize without prejudice or with very little. He is obviously wholeheartedly interested in his subject. And he has much kindness and humor. But at this point the resemblance ceases. For in this work, at least, he has most of the time less than he might have of Bagehot's singular grace. And the reviewer wishes that so many pages of a brief book had not been written in a style which Professor Brogan evidently thinks is—American. Madame du Deffand said Gibbon was quite good enough to be a Frenchman without trying so hard. And Professor Brogan knows too much about us, good and bad, to find it necessary to prove his familiarity by such a device. To an American, and one would think to an Englishman, there is something a little off key in his sedulous aping of our idiom and metaphor.



Apart from this fault of manner, the reviewer thinks he has given a pretty good impressionistic account of our ethos. And even when in the nature of things he is compelled to be brief the licks and promises he gives large, fat subjects suggest more than whole chapters by the less imaginative.

The book, which doesn't pretend to be more than a sketch, consists of three parts (if you don't count a brilliant introduction), which deal, respectively, with the making of the republic, with the conflict between the necessity for unity and the desire for individual liberty, and with the manner in which a people molded as we have been conducts itself under the pressure of war. All three compel an American to examine his premises, not to mention Professor Brogan's. It's an interesting occupation, too. For one thing the reviewer thinks that he has rather overstressed the role of climate in making us what we are. He sees us as dwellers in a world of extremes, of floods, tornadoes, and earthquakes. No doubt they have their effect. But there have been heat waves, earthquakes, and hurricanes on the other side of the ocean. The great wind of 1704 ("Such as of late o'er pale Britannia passed") gave Addison his simile. And other points might be argued. But he does hit off old things in new ways, whether he is explaining the effect of railroads in the Mississippi Valley, the limitations of our folk literature, the origin of the Constitution, the unsuspected merits of our educational system, or the evolution of the booster. Ordinarily the reviewer would be inclined to say thank you pleasantly, and let it go at that.

He won't altogether. This book is the mere abstract of something better to come. Though it may have the advantage, which, as is well known, a sketch often enjoys in contrast with the finished picture, what one would like to see is the big mural yet to be painted. The reviewer hopes Professor Brogan will undertake it. If that comes to pass, it ought to be quite a book, in which something of the quality of Walter Bagehot, cultivated, sympathetic, even-handed, penetrating, might confidently be expected. But if he must follow American models in his style, the reviewer hopes Professor Brogan will choose Justice Holmes, who could be funny too, rather than the transient, if diverting, jargon of the moment which seems to have captivated him.

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The Papers of André Gide

IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS. By André Gide. Translated from the French by Malcolm Cowley. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1944. 172 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by VINCENT SHEEAN

TO begin with, I must admit that Mr. Cowley's conception of translation is one with which I can feel little or no sympathy. It might work between kindred and equally exalted talents—Poe and Baudelaire, for instance—and it has its place, of necessity, in all translated poetry; but it seems to me that in modern prose of the western European language group there is no need to paraphrase, to add, and to subtract. All Mr. Cowley had to do was to translate Gide; instead, he has deliberately chosen to paraphrase, saying (as he does in the introduction to this volume) that he does not translate word for word, but instead tries "to achieve the same sort of movement and rightness in English."

This could be done only if Mr. Cowley possessed in English the same kind and degree of talent for analytical expression that Gide possesses in French. But, on the contrary, we find some of Gide's best and freshest French coinage exchanged for English pennies worn smooth and faceless with too much use. Thus when Gide calls Pippa (of Browning's poem) the *"déterminatrice dans l'existence d'autrui,"* Mr. Cowley renders this as, quite simply, the "agent of destiny." The powerful expression *"songe-creux"* is translated as "idle visionaries." And *"points d'appui,"* in the same passage, becomes "certainties" in English. *"Impénitent"* is translated as "incorrigible," merely because the expression "incorrigible romantic" is common in English—reason enough of itself for avoiding it when the speaker is supposed to be André Gide. Gide calls the child Goethe a budding pedagogue (*"pédagogue en herbe"*) and says that this is what we meet in him ever afterwards; Mr. Cowley renders this as a "pedagogue in pinafores," and thus leaves us with the strangely comic notion of the sage of Weimar wearing a child's apron at all ages—a notion which is not in Gide at all.

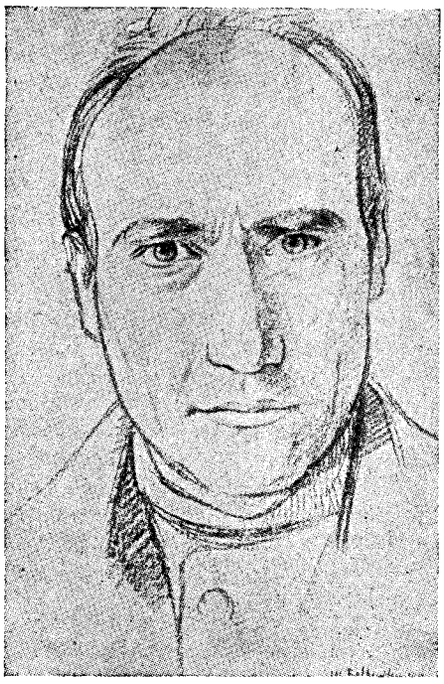
There is hardly a paragraph of this book which can be said to be straightforward translation. Everywhere we are led by the hand; explanations litter the pages; by addition and subtraction, by locutions and supererogatory un-Gidelike phrases, we are given a flattened out version of what Gide really said. Set this against Mrs. Norton's Rilke or Scott Moncrieff's Proust and the inadequacy of Mr. Cowley's formula becomes apparent. I do not wish to be ungrateful to Mr. Cowley for having undertaken the difficult task of making Gide's recent papers available in English, but I do believe he could have achieved this desirable result with less work for himself and the rest of us if he had struck to the original text. No doubt he was afraid of "Gallicisms" and expressions unusual in English; but does not the public expect a Frenchman to speak with a French accent? In any case I find such translations as that on page 95, where *"chrétiennement"* is rendered as "episcopally speaking," quite simply intolerable.

The book itself has merit enough to rise above the unfortunate system of its translator. (It is Mr. Cowley's deliberate system, not his ability to translate if he had chosen to do so, which is in question here). It contains the sixteen imaginary interviews with himself which Gide wrote and published in *Figaro* between November, 1941, and the spring of 1942. In the middle there is inserted the introduction he wrote to the Pléiade edition of Goethe's dramatic works, and at the end are added his "Chardonne 1940," a review of a collaborationist work, and some pages from his "Journal" at the time of the liberation of Tunis.

The interviews cover a variety of subjects, all literary or related to literature. But in the France of the years 1941-1942, living so much of its life in secret or underground, many words had acquired new associations. Thus it was with "oppose," and "resist," and "collaborate," and a number of other verbs and nouns which Gide could properly use while speaking of Goethe or Leopardi and still suggest something else. As a matter of fact, this kind of double-talk, although new to France, has been characteristic of literature and life in both Germany and Italy throughout the Fascist era; it is the natural product of police censorship. What such sly references contribute to the work is the assurance that Gide was steadfast, that he never truckled under to Vichy or the Germans, and that his heart, at least, was in the *maquis*. He lived in the south of France during most of the time spent on these interviews, went over to Tunis for the winter of 1942-1943, and remained there until the liberation.

Some of his opinions have changed considerably, we observe in these papers. Victor Hugo is no longer to be deplored; his vast and stormy genius has contributed too much to the consciousness of France. (It was Gide who once, when asked to name the greatest of French poets, replied, "Hugo, alas!") Goethe is less admired than of yore because his serenity and light, achieved with so much patient effort, made darkness intolerable to him—the point Gide observes, at which Shakespeare and Dante leave him. Mallarmé is still a saint of literature and life, but at the same time (in another paper) we are told that it is dangerous for a painter to change his colors unless they belong to objects recognizable by their forms; and in still another we learn that the laws of French prosody are immensely valuable even to those who depart from them, since "poetry without restrictions is poetry without art." Several times, in the warmest language, Gide welcomes Aragon's return to rhymed verse as the "return from a long journey." Valéry is still a god of music and magic; but Proust —whom Gide specifies as a very great writer—is pillaged for an amusing list of errors in grammar. For Gide to write without self-consciousness about either Valéry or Proust is perhaps a little difficult; this has been a long pilgrimage for both the living and the dead.

Gide is seventy-five. Like Voltaire, he has had numerous fatal diseases for half a century. Those who value a reflective and analytical intelligence of rare quality will hope that he survives as long as possible, so as to give us more of these thoughtful pages, animated by the love of life and letters, lit by the sun of wisdom.



André Gide, from the portrait by Sir William Rothenstein.

MEMO TO AMERICA:
REMEMBER THE WAR FUND

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In Search of Security

HOW TO TELL PROGRESS FROM REACTION. By Manya Gordon. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1944. 309 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HARRY D. GIDEONSE

IN 1848 liberals and radicals could honestly attack the status quo because it did not provide either political freedom or economic security. In 1944 the German and Russian examples seem to suggest that the conventional collectivist program to achieve "security" inevitably reduces political freedom, and the shadow of a creeping doubt has been cast over the milder forms of collectivism in Sweden, Great Britain, and the United States. Are they, too, destined to limit political freedom? Or can we have freedom as well as security—even if the Germans and the Russians could not? That is Manya Gordon's problem.

She tackles it in a simple and graphic way by inventing the character of Mr. Hopewell who was obviously brought up in the Continental school of the 1870 period when it was still possible to embrace communism and anarchism at the same time. In fact, Mr. Hopewell—like many an early Marxist—thinks that communism and anarchism are identical, or in his own words that "real communism and unrestricted governmental power are contradictory terms." Mr. Hopewell is disturbed about the role of the state in collectivist practice, and, before he reviews experience in the American, English, Swedish, and Soviet cases, he goes back to the utopian classics. Plato, More, Campanella, Bellamy, and Owen are all reviewed in the light of the increased sensitiveness to what moderns call "totalitarianism"—and even Plato appears to have overtones which a pre-Hitler and pre-Stalin reader might not have heard.

After these introductory chapters in which collectivist practice is compared with utopian vision, the bulk of the book is concerned with a comparison of American, British, Swedish, and Soviet experience. The author is at her best in this comparison of actual conditions and achievements—her preceding book on labor conditions in Soviet Russia proved her competence in the interpretation of official Russian data, and these factual chapters are a useful assignment for the type of fellow citizen who does not recognize English 1840 milestones in 1940 Russia. The comparison of American with English and Swedish conditions also helps to set a precedent for the discussion of American policies.

Manya Gordon's book is quite effective in supplying perspective on the American scene. Her title suggests a more analytical treatment, however. When does the desire for security begin to endanger freedom? Are there types of security that are more costly in terms of political freedom than other types? Here a careful analysis of the German case would have filled a serious gap in her presentation.

To some extent Manya Gordon's own uncritical acceptance of the American labor objective of "a comfortable living with complete security and freedom" precludes analysis of the cause and effect relations that may exist between the pursuit of economic security and the decline of political freedom. Her assumption that the existence of an independent employer is the safeguard of political freedom is a bit naive—if the pursuit of security makes the "independence" of the employer purely nominal, then his strength as a "buffer" will be negligible and the preservation of his theoretical independence will simply conceal a real structural weakness.

Analytically the treatment of Swedish and British problems is not as strong as it might be. It is, for instance, not correct to belittle the importance of academic guidance in the Swedish case—no country has made as intelligent use of professional economists, and the balance against excessive producer influence which is provided by a strong consumer movement helps to give their advice a hearing. In the British case the sacrifice of extreme building trades objectives helped to make post-war housing programs possible—the fact that collective bargaining tends to exclude unorganized groups such as white collar workers and farmers as well as consumers' interests, has not yet been recognized in America as one of its "democratic" weaknesses. English and Swedish experience is not nearly as open to this criticism as our own, and it is one of the anomalies of the American picture that the C. I. O. which is ideologically closer to non-democratic groups is certainly economically less restrictive than the monopolistic craft unionism of the A. F. of L.

In many respects Manya Gordon's book is a good supplement to Hayek's recent "The Road to Serfdom." Hayek's emphasis is on analysis and generalization. Manya Gordon supplies the particular data and the comparative material. Both books would have been much more effective if they had had the benefit of one another's strong parts.

Your Literary I. Q.

CARD PLAYERS IN LITERATURE

By Howard Collins

This week's quiz concerns ten assorted characters to whom card playing was of more-than-ordinary importance. How many of them can you identify? Allowing 5 points for each one you can name and another 5 for the story in which he appears, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 27.

1. This impoverished law clerk beguiled his evenings by playing cribbage with himself for fifty thousand pounds a game until he caught the servant girl watching him through a keyhole and taught her to play.
2. Although this London clubman traveled around the world, he did little sight-seeing for he was more interested in playing whist.
3. While this charming young lady was concentrating on a three-handed game of ombre, an admirer snipped off a lock of her hair.
4. Although he maintained that he did not understand how to play euchre, this wily oriental, whose sleeves were stuffed with extra cards, trimmed a couple of card sharps.
5. Playing whist was her life business; her duty; the thing she came into the world to do, and she did it; she unbent her mind afterwards over a book.
6. As he was playing solo whist in a Malamute saloon, this gambler was shot by a piano-playing prospector.
7. Three times the cards went round the table, and on the fourth round there fell to this Bohemian prince the ace of spades—which meant that he was to be murdered that night.
8. Among his many fields of learning this dilettante detective included an unerring knowledge of poker, which he used to trap a murderer.
9. Faro was not a game with him—it was at once his profession, his science, his drug, his drink, his mistress; and in one year of playing it in Chicago he lost his wife's ten thousand dollar inheritance.
10. During a winning streak this poker player would often go a week without sleep, but after a stretch of bad luck he wrote his epitaph on the deuce of clubs and shot himself.

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The Top Command of General Lee

LEE'S LIEUTENANTS. Vol. III: Gettysburg to Appomattox. By Douglas Southall Freeman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1944. 732 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by GEORGE FORT MILTON

NAPOLEON remarked at St. Helena that he planned campaigns and fought battles to defeat the mind of the enemy commander rather than his army. General Lee could well have supplemented this axiom on the art of command (as the concluding volume of Douglas Southall Freeman's trilogy on Lee's lieutenants well shows) by emphasizing the imperative precondition that the commander must understand the mind and mood of his own chosen agents—and make sure that they understand him. The absence of this rapport between Lee as commanding general and Longstreet, Ewell, and Stuart as his chief lieutenants affected the trembling balance at Gettysburg. This new volume by the world authority on the Lion of the Confederacy confirms my impression expressed some years ago that this was Lee's worst-fought battle and most indifferently executed campaign. In both, the qualities of his genius were overshadowed by their defects.

This volume, it should be said, is the ripe fruit of long and prescient reflection on Lee and the Virginia war he he fought with such devotion. The General's own axiom, "Duty is the noblest word in the English language," must have animated the distinguished Richmond editor in his thirty years' research and analysis of everything even remotely tangent to his hero's career. The seven volumes of his two encyclopedic studies contain some two million words.

Such productivity, almost as astounding as Dumas's, is all the more notable when one remembers that at the same time Dr. Freeman is editing the *Richmond News-Leader,* lecturing at the Columbia School of Journalism, and otherwise carrying on the life of a man of many talents. No wonder it has been his habit to rise about four in the morning for his extra-curricular labors of love.

Dr. Freeman's concluding chapter of summary and estimate—with which he wisely decided to begin the book, as the introduction—contains the essence of his reflection on the disintegration of Confederate command and he makes ten main points:

1. The history of Lee's Army vindicated the belief in the need for "professional training in arms for men who were to exercise command. The Army of Northern Virginia could not have been organized or commanded successfully without West Point."

2. In 1861 the seceding South had a "hopelessly small body" of 420 officers of military and technical experience, but fortunately could avail herself of some 425 graduates of the Virginia Military Institute and about half as many from the South Carolina Military Academy. Lee insisted on the Army of Northern Virginia being led, above regimental levels, by professional and semi-professional soldiers.

3. Command, however, was a gamble —in human nature as in military knowledge or aptitude. Professional training did not guarantee success as a combat officer. No arm of the service and no branch of the staff excelled in outstanding leaders, or was conspicuous in its percentage of failure.

4. In the case of an officer not in combat, it took about a year with troops to determine his administrative ability and his capacity to maintain discipline and sustain morale.

5. The test of battle, however, quickly demonstrated whether an officer would progress or not; he might have good luck in a single battle, but a campaign would generally tell the tale.

6. Proportionately few officers of the Army of Northern Virginia who were without prior professional training in arms displayed special aptitude for high command, John B. Gordon and Wade Hampton being conspicious exceptions. Until 1864's heavy casualties, Lee's Army "never had a Major General of Infantry who had not received professional training." (At the same time bear in mind Lee's answer when Wolesley of the British Army asked him after the war, whom he deemed his ablest lieutenant: "Forrest, a man I've never seen.")

Douglas Southall Freeman

7. Lee found it hard, after Chancellorsville, to find competent men to command brigades. Freeman concludes that, although the Army of Northern Virginia had many intelligent, well-educated field officers accustomed to lead in civil life, "battle experience was not a substitute for lack of aptitude and seldom a substitute for professional training in youth."

8. The commanders who stood up best to long and gruelling operations were in general those who had been most diligent in keeping their troops well disciplined and in good condition while in camp. Soldiers respond to a commander who "looks after his men."

9. The greatness of Lee's Army was in its supreme command and in "that body of incomparable infantry."

10. There was no composite or "typical" officer, no common denominator of leaders, and the men he studied interested Freeman by reason of their differences, not their similarities: "The throng and clash of personality, in an age of individualism, puts talk of 'type' out of place."

Certainly neither Lee, nor Jackson, nor Longstreet, nor Stuart represents a type. The author has tried to examine these men from every angle. In his volumes on Lee he sought to see the war as the available evidence persuaded him it must have unrolled in the mind of the great commander; this led him to exclude from the material any matter not known to Lee himself at the time he made the estimate of a situation or took action. This deliberate avoidance of relevant data is fortunately absent from the later volumes.

Four men failed there: "Jeb" Stuart, whose bootless raid around Meade cost Lee the eyes of his army; "Dick" Ewell, who acted like "Stonewall" Jackson until the moment of decision, when he could not decide; "Old Pete" Longstreet, who thought he had persuaded him to agree to the tactical defensive as at Fredericksburg, to bring success at low cost in the strategic offensive, and then sulked in his tent when the latter ordered attack; and, equal to these in disastrous consequence, Marse Robert himself, both for the dangerous option he permitted Stuart to play with at the invasion's start, for permitting Longstreet to believe he had agreed to the tactical defensive if battle came. Lee has been credited with the belief that it was his job to get the troops' property to the field of battle, but after that it was up to God. At Gettysburg he was hoist by his own ideological petard.

Freeman follows Longstreet's traits

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from Suffolk to Wauhatchie and then to Fort Sanders to show how incompetent that General was in any sort of independent command, because of lack of capacity to administer the business of an army, quite as demanding a duty upon a Commanding General as the planning and fighting of a campaign. Lee was great in this, as Washington and Pershing; but none of his corps commanders save Stonewall did very well on their own.

This volume, like its predecessors, contains excellent informative appendices, a good critical bibliography, and a satisfactory index. The examination of evidence to show that Gettysburg was not lost because of poor reconnaisance of Cemetery Ridge is persuasive, the elaborate study of what happened to Lee's lieutenants after the surrender a real contribution.

This book has the further merit of enabling one to document his predilections on Lee or almost any of his generals, whatever these might happen to be. The author still employs a plethora of detail, but the present volume is not so overstuffed with minutiae as some of the battle chapters of the Lee opus, particularly those on Gettysburg. Nevertheless, it is amazing that so long a work should sustain the interest as well as this does.

Forces That Make America

LAND OF THE FREE. By Homer C. Hockett and Arthur Meier Schlesinger. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1944. 764 *pp.* $5.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THE increased interest which war always generates in American history is attested this year by a number of one-volume histories of the United States. We have had, among others, the book of André Maurois, written with verve, epigrammatic wit, and stylististic distinction, but containing less of interpretation than we expect from M. Maurois, and the book of Charles and Mary Beard, which like everything the Beards do is stimulating, and like nearly everything they do is provokingly tendencious in spots. There remained a place for this particular work, which is larger and more detailed than the two just mentioned. Written by two experts in the field, equipped with ample bibliographies and numerous maps, and fully and interestingly illustrated, it runs to almost three hundred thousand words; and for those who wish a copious, clear, and comprehensive history of our country, is well worth the price asked by the publishers.

It is interesting to note how the perspective of historical writing has changed. The authors, who know very well what they are about, cover the colonial period in less than fifty pages, while to our national record from 1914 to Guadalcanal they give more than one hundred and fifty. Political detail from 1607 to 1776 has been dropped from sight, but ample justice is done to the European and particularly the British heritage of the new American nation. One of the chief distinctions of this book is the generous space given to social and cultural history, particularly after 1860. The sections on the industrial revolution, immigration, efforts at social amelioration, the process of social reform, intellectual and artistic interests, and changes in everyday life reflect Mr. Schlesinger's long study of social and economic forces, as the pages on constitutional history reflect Mr. Hockett's special preoccupation; and they are far fresher and more thorough than anything in older compendiums of American history.

This is a book which, while unfailingly readable, relies for its appeal upon solidity of substance rather than stylistic sparkle; which, while well enough stocked with ideas, depends upon scholarship rather than striking but untested hypotheses. It is objective throughout. This does not mean that it does not have a point of view of its own. In dealing with our recent history, for example, the authors state an emphatic view upon Roosevelt's policy in the "neutral" months of 1940-41. They declare that "the dominant opinion of the country" was behind the President when, though wishing to keep out of the fray, "Roosevelt nevertheless believed in stretching neutrality to the utmost limits in order to back up the democratic peoples." This is very different from the rasping suggestion or implication in the Beards' review of the same months that our government, when democracy in Western Europe was fighting desperately for its very life, and when the Nazi power threatened momentarily to spread its terror over the North Atlantic, should have passed coldly and aloofly by on the path marked "strict neutrality." At still other points Mr. Hockett and Mr. Schlesinger have opinions of their own, and they are opinions which show study and judgment. Nobody will read this book in a sitting, or even in several; but anyone who has it on his shelves has about as sound, complete, and up-to-date a summary of American history as he could wish.

Confederate Cabinet

JEFFERSON DAVIS AND HIS CABINET. By Rembert W. Patrick. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press. 1944. 401 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by DOUGLAS S. FREEMAN

IF there had been forty-eight hours in a day, Jefferson Davis probably could have dispensed with a cabinet. As it was, the President of the Confederacy directed nearly all the important work of the departments responsible for the conduct of the war. After the first months of hostilities, he eclipsed the members of the official family; but, when the Confederacy perished in 1865, those of the cabinet who did not go into exile or pass into oblivion shared his obloquy. These are the reasons the Confederate cabinet is less known than that of Lincoln. Dr. Patrick's book consequently introduces to American readers about a dozen unknown men among the eighteen he presents.

All of them are well-portrayed though Dr. Patrick has been tempted by the abundance of material on Toombs and Hunter to give them a larger place in his book than they held in Confederate councils. Some members of the cabinet were neither capable nor interesting, but at least four of them had definite influence on the outcome of the conflict. Until his transfer from the War Office to the State Department, Judah Benjamin was the leading figure in the cabinet. The extent of his subsequent influence on Davis and on the policy of the Confederate States is not easy to determine.

If that be left in doubt, the three men who did most in the cabinet, for good or for ill, were James A. Seddon, Secretary of War from Nov. 22, 1862, to Feb. 5, 1865; Stephen R. Mallory, Secretary of the Navy for the life of the Confederacy; and Christopher G. Memminger, Secretary of the Treasury until July, 1864. Memminger's life is familiar. His financial policy is not. Mallory represents no enigma. Seddon wrote hundreds of clear, well-reasoned communications on military matters, but he left so few personal letters that it is difficult to tell what manner of man he was. The picture of him in Jones's familiar "Rebel War Clerk's Diary" contains a thousand strokes that confuse the likeness. Jones himself probably never understood the Secretary. Few others did. Dr. Patrick's sketch of Seddon is regrettably brief—sixteen pages as against forty-eight for Benjamin's cabinet career—but the emphasis appears to be in the right place. The interesting fact is that one cannot be sure.

As the cabinet jack-of-all trades,

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Benjamin commands a separate chapter. Other members are treated chronologically by departments. If this seems at first glance to be an artificial arrangement, it must be said that Mr. Patrick could not have put the sketches together in a history of the cabinet. Except for a few weeks in Montgomery, there could be no cabinet history because there was no cabinet. There simply was a group of departments of somewhat doubtful coöperation.

Davis appears in Mr. Patrick's pages with the hard lines somewhat softened. Treatment is tolerant and on most pages is admiring. Perhaps too little is made of Davis's intense personal loyalties and of his quick response to chivalrous gestures. Mr. Patrick is generous in treating Davis's curious argumentativeness when crossed on some question of prerogative. American history scarcely contains a more amazing example of vindictiveness than that which Davis wrote to a length of 4,500 words, in the expiring months of the Confederacy, to show that Joseph E. Johnston was not and never had been a competent soldier.

The whole story has not been told by Mr. Patrick and could not be compassed in a single volume; but he has written well and has selected wisely from the materials. He has used his sources, particularly the contemporary newspapers and magazines, with so much skill that one hopes this fine first book will be followed by others in the same field. As a historical writer, Mr. Patrick is a man to keep in mind.

Inside Argentina

ARGENTINE RIDDLE. By Felix J. Weil. New York: John Day. 1944. 297 *pp.* $3.50.

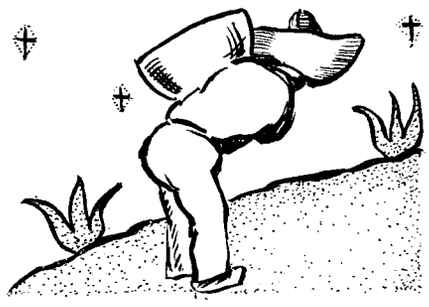
Reviewed by CARLETON BEALS

LITTLE of importance, save a few translations, has ever been printed in book form in the United States about the richest and most productive country of South America. In 1926 appeared that fine study by Mark Jefferson, "Peopling the Argentine Pampas." Presently we had some worthless quickies, born of passes on Pan-American Airways or cashing in on war sensationalism, and that fatuous misinterpretation, "Introduction to Argentina," by the former Ambassador, Alexander Weddell. Then in 1942 appeared John W. White's "Argentina," something more than a fine journalistic appraisal; and, shortly, Ray Joseph's intimate picture, "Argentine Diary."

Thus the present work, which covers the economic and political life of Argentina during the past ten years or so, fills what heretofore has been a complete void. Although parts of it are not too excitingly written, it is an accurate, authoritative work, and Mr. Weil's quiet, thorough intellectual honesty and respect for the facts make it indispensable for anyone not reading Spanish and anyone wishing to understand the present rumpus. About the only benefit from our current futile and unintelligent caterwauling at Argentina is the appearance of Mr. Weil's book. If Mr. Hull reads it, his next blast of denunciation of Argentina will likely clog in his throat slightly.

Not that Mr. Weil is an apologist for his native land. He takes the feudal cattle barons and the upstart colonels and the grafting politicians of Argentina over the bumps with the gusto of a gaucho dragging a heifer to the slaughter pen. But at the same time he lets the air out of the official propagandists of the United States with quiet efficiency, takes a sideswipe at Walter Winchell's uninformed blatancy, drops the fly-by-night commentators into the river like so many foundling kittens each properly weighted with the damning fact. Altogether, he shows the how and why of Argentina, past, present, and future. It adds up to a lot of tragedy, but also much progress and hope, so far as Argentina is concerned; and pretty much absurdity so far as our own official antics are concerned.

It is doubtful if there is anyone at all in this country who can gainsay Mr. Weil; and there is no one in Argentina who knows the facts better. He writes from the inside. Educated in Europe, he spent ten years of his life managing a large Argentine grain exporting company; he taught in Argentine universities; he held high economic and financial posts in various Argentine Governments; he was one of the shapers of Argentina's plans for industrialization, the so-called Pinedo plan. He is at present with the Institute of Social Research at Columbia University. He has contributed generously to leading American economic and political quarterlies.



Except that it has been born of crisis, the present regime in Argentina is not much different from the cattle-baron feudalism that has ruled Argentina, in cahoots with British financial imperialism, for more than a century. If anything it may be a slight improvement in that, despite its non-democratic origin, it has broken down somewhat the cattle-baron opposition to the diversification of industry, and the industrialization of the country. Weighing all the facts that Mr. Weil presents, one comes to the conclusion that Argentina is about as democratic as the State of Georgia or the cattle-barons governments of some of our Midwestern states from 1880 to 1900. Its rotten-borough system is not much worse than that of Connecticut. Censorship is open, often drastic, as in nearly all the rest of Latin America; not secret and unlabeled like that exercised by our State Department here.

Mr. Weil throws some new light on the rise of the Uriburú dictatorship and how oil played a part therein. In that connection I wish he had gone on to touch upon the Chaco War, Bolivia, Paraguay, and Uruguay, and how they fit into Argentina's industrial planning; how they have been affected, along with Argentina's relations to them, by the activities of British, German, and American capital expansion. He merely gives us some juicy hints. He punctures the fallacy that Presidents Justo and Ortiz were great friends of the United States; and I wish he had told more of our official machinations to undermine the Castillo Government and put the unpleasant Justo back into power. What I'm really saying of course is that I hope Mr. Weil will soon give us another book.

His final chapter, which I shall not spoil by summarizing, is entitled "The Big Chance for the United States," and each paragraph contains more sense and statesmanship than a hundred years of actual official verbal interchange between the two countries. The book has valuable appendices on statistical sources, landholding, foreign companies and investments, industry, farm and manufacturing personnel. A series of fifteen statistical tables show the whole matter easily and clearly; and, we should add, most accurately.

It seems inconceivable that a book which, in addition to discussing current issues, must serve as one of the few adequate reference works we possess on Argentina, should be devoid of an Index.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

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Division Between the Generations

THE BARRICADES. By Philip Toynbee. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1944. 284 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by R. Ellis Roberts

MR. TOYNBEE is a young Englishman who has recently made a reputation by his severity as a critic of fiction in *The New Statesman and Nation.* He is clever, uncompromising, and bigoted —qualities of youth which can be forgiven, or at least discounted by his elders and enjoyed (or mocked at) by his contemporaries. "The Barricades" is a clever novel: its only serious fault is that Mr. Toynbee has chosen for his chief character Michael Rawlins, an ex-schoolmaster in his late thirties who never betrays in a single thought or action, more than some twenty-two years. Many of this novel's finest scenes are spoiled for me because throughout the story we are compelled to contemplate Rawlins as, with nervous curiosity, he watches his own rancid adolescence melt heavily to a languid and protracted end.

The story opens admirably with the scene of Rawlins's dismissal from his post as schoolmaster. The period is of the Spanish Civil War. Rawlins is discharged for public drunkenness; but young Markham, an eager socialist schoolboy, prefers to believe that the real reason is Rawlins's advanced political opinions. Hence, when Markham runs away from school to join the Spanish Republicans, he goes to Rawlins for approval, advice, and encouragement: and the luckless, indeterminate schoolmaster is forced into the position of an heroic person, sacrificed to the gods of conservative bigotry. Here is a subject for ironic tragedy, or for satiric and almost farcical drama; one can imagine how Gogol would have handled it, or Goncharov. Mr. Toynbee's model, however, is the early Aldous Huxley with an occasional touch of that strange little master of the underworld of the Côte d'Azur, Ronald Firbank. The result is that the tragic implications of the story are allowed to escape into a mess of social trivialities, and the farcical possibilities are spoiled by the disgusted savagery with which Mr. Toynbee handles his Michael Rawlins.

Of course it could be said that in his treatment of his theme, in the loss and recovery by Markham of his generous enthusiasm Mr. Toynbee exposes the futility of the Spanish struggle, scarifies the calm and cynical abandonment of all heroism, shown on whatever side, by the great nations in their attitude to the Spanish war; but the futility spreads over the chief characters like a miasma, a poison which the final scene in which Markham gets into Spain is not strong enough to dispel.

While, however, "The Barricades" (the title symbolizes the division between the generations, divisions not so formidable or unsurmountable as young English reds are apt to think) must be judged as a failure, if an ambitious and promising failure, full tribute must be paid to the brilliant and mordant coloring of many of the scenes and most of the characters. It is not irrelevant to remind the reader that, to some extent, the fable of the book is based on actual happenings in England. There was a good deal of excitement in London when a boy, a relative of Mr. Winston Churchill, ran away from Wellington College to join the International Brigade in Spain and eloped with a girl of a well-known family more commonly associated with Hitlerism than Communism. In basing his story on this incident—and on other Wellington College affairs—Mr. Troynbee's good taste may be questioned. His portrayal of the people involved is, however, sufficiently remote from reality. Rose Palliser, the aristocratic tart, Lord Woodstock, the crippled peer with an aroma of ancient Limburger, Thomsson, the intellectual rebel whose activity is to watch action, Igor, the vile genius of the theater—all these brightly, harshly lit characters exist only in a cunningly introverted world. Never for a moment does the ballet-master allow them an unrehearsed gesture, a spontaneous movement across the stage. Not even in the wings do they relax. In contrast the reality of Michael Rawlins, of David Markham and, to a less extent, of Markham's father and mother, is disconcerting and uncomfortable. For, while it is on a lower level, Rawlins has reality as well as the boy Markham. It is Markham, though, who makes the book memorable, gives it, in spite of his lapses into folly and vice, dignity and a strange beauty. "The Barricades" is a journalist's novel, but only in the sense that Thomas Nashe's "In Time of Plague" is a journalist's poem.

An Ordinary Family in Wartime

MOTHER WENT MAD ON MONDAY. By Ethel Hueston. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1944. 213 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by Katharine Simonds

THIS is not a review; it is a fair warning. You will find it fatally easy to read the first forty pages of "Mother Went Mad on Monday," which present a cosy and entertaining picture of the Gillespies, an ordinary family, in wartime. With son Larry overseas, Mother has to put up with her husband, who groans about taxes; her daughter Doris, who can't wash the dishes because she's so tired from her war job, but can dance all night; and her other daughter Cherry, aged sixteen, whose presumably bobby-socked feet seldom come straight home from school. Suddenly, Mrs. Gillespie revolts, and issues an ultimatum: everyone is to behave himself or she will have her face lifted and go to the dogs herself. And, furthermore, they are all to start right in "to feel God." Her revolt is of course completely successful and the family is instantly remade.

After this deceptively normal beginning, however, Mrs. Hueston seems to have conscientiously striven for and achieved a new high in sentimentality. Now Steve Delafield, the flying son of a new neighbor, takes on Cherry sight unseen by letter as a kid sister; when he comes home on leave he wants to be anything but a big brother to her. His mother and the Gillespies eagerly acquiesce; on his next leave, their acquiescence goes to the unusual length of encouraging Cherry to spend night after night on, though not in, Steve's bed. These bundling scenes are clearly meant to be poignant and lovely, but somehow the cosy girlish tone of Cherry's first-person narrative, Cherry's sublime innocence in spite of her experiences in high school before she "felt God"; and Steve's heroic forbearance all combine to make a mawkishness from which the reader wants to tiptoe away in distress. Nor is Mrs. Hueston content with the titillation of their frustration; every character is forever embracing every other one.

Thus it is with a congestion like that which follows too many frappes that one closes the book, noticing with a final hiccup that brother Larry, newly escaped from prison, is going to spend tonight in Cherry's bed to console her for Steve's death in battle.

Mrs. Hueston's publishers suggest that the "old-time religion" she advocates will prove a help to anxious war worn people. But the dispassionate reader must necessarily wonder if this religion which was coke for the Gillespies has really improved their taste or their views on child upbringing.

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Strictly Personal...

MOVING DAY IN AMERICA

JOHN STEINBECK has been to the wars and grown a beard since he wrote about the Okies and Arkies moving from a hopeless South to an inhospitable West. The inhospitality disappeared and the shipyards and the airplane plants advertised for more Okies, Arkies, or anything else with hands. That does not necessarily mean, however, that the American migrant has come to the happy end of the road. Even Congress has been talking about people moving again. And one gentleman from California, Representative Bertrand Gearhart of Fresno, a "Native Son of the Golden West" and one of the founders of the American Legion, is already speaking of Americans who may move homeward or jobward in the future as "the hordes which, like an avalanche, might descend upon our fertile plains."

Americans have not stopped moving. Indeed, more Americans have moved farther and faster in the last three years than in the whole story of America before. American homesickness never suffered such distances. America awaits the homeward movement of its men in uniform with increasing hopefulness. Hope also stirs in the old folks at home and among the men and women who left home to move to the plants of production. And as a part of that hope—a foolish part, the House of Representatives decided—it was proposed to provide Federal assistance to those industrial migrants for war who may need help to get to old homes or new jobs.

There were fears of costs in the argument over the proposal. But there were fears of people, too. Mr. Gearhart of California, who feels that there are only two kinds of people: those who live in California and those who want to, is not alone in those fears. Indeed, Mr. Gearhart says that in California "the latch-key of hospitality is ever out." Mechanically and metaphorically that does not mean quite the same thing as the latch-string. But even if the key is out, it isn't thrown away.

"Our gates are open," says Congressman Gearhart, "and our hearts are big; from no one would we withhold the priceless privilege of living in this fair land. But we do not want all of you to come at once."

If the West doesn't want them all at once, the South feels somewhat the same way. Congressman Hare put South Carolina on record against the early reception of "a great horde of people who do not know a stalk of cotton from an okra plant."

Nobody knows how many people will want to go home. Some migration was escape from stagnation. The risk of being stranded seems no greater in staying than in returning. And certainly nobody knows how many of those in war jobs now will want or need to move to other jobs in other places later. They could be a horde. According to Congressman Dingell of crowded Detroit, who wanted Government assistance in moving for war workers, the people have poured out of more than 3,000 counties into industrial concentrations in 300. The facts were not brought out in Congress but something over five million people have left their home states in the trek to war jobs in others. Millions more have moved within their home state borders from country to town, from one town to another.

The trains have been bulging carrying them. A lot of them moved before gasoline was rationed and cling to their jalopies waiting for a day when gasoline may make it possible for them to move again. People don't make planes and not dream of moving in them. Certainly a good many staid old towns hope for the day when those who came with conversion will depart with what is sometimes glibly called reconversion. That process will not be as simple as the word. Old towns and new towns face unwillingly, even sometimes with a sort of determined blindness, a permanence in change in the people themselves. Many of the people of migration are not now the same people who moved to the war jobs. They have new skills. They are accustomed to new levels of pay. They may move on but will not move back. In the aggregate they make a body of people equal to the whole population of Michigan moving. Theirs has been a human migration which would be equalled only if all the people of Arizona, Delaware, Idaho, Montana, New Hampshire, New Mexico, North Dakota, Utah, Vermont, and Wyoming had shut up at home and moved away together. Americans who think of the California gold rush as the great surge in American movement can write it down as a fragment in proportion to the 1940-44 dispersal of civilians.

—From The Heritage Press edition of the book, "The Grapes of Wrath."

Steinbeck's Okies on the Move.

None of us know with certainty whether the new jobs in the new places will be secure. We can all work to make them so. But we can be certain that whether the force be unemployment or homesickness or merely the acquired habit of movement, the "hordes" of Americans can be expected almost anywhere where there is a job, a chance, or even a road, by Congressmen Gearhart, Hare, and Dingell, and also by you and me. Overcrowded towns, which have hoped a little hysterically that some of their new citizens would go with the war, may have to grapple with problems which they hoped they could merely postpone. Home towns and home farms which expect the departed home folks back may get a few. The native sometimes does return. The important thing, however, is that the American is a native of America, a wide, changing land.

He knows his freedom to move in it, his right to share any jobs, any chance, anything that is good in it anywhere. As he wills, he will move—with or without Government aid—as a horde certainly as a horde means numbers and the power of numbers. Also, he will move with skills and the determination to use them, with new understanding of the potentialities of American production for war, for the world, for himself and his children. He can be terrifying. Indeed, he becomes overwhelming. I think I should fear him if in my heart I was not with him. I should know him as a menace if I did not know him also as the power to move—everywhere and always forward to the full good meaning of America for himself which is the best meaning of America for us all.

JONATHAN DANIELS.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature
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COURAGE, CAPT. PATTERSON, TOGETHER WE SHALL SEE IT THROUGH

WE try to be as helpful as we can and it may be that the time has come where we can be of service to the owners of the *New York Daily News*. Last week, the *Daily News* ruefully announced in an editorial that it was being forced to discontinue its "Presidential Battle Page"—a daily feature consisting of a page split in half, one part of which was conducted by the Republican National Committee, the other by the Democratic National Committee. The page has been reluctantly dropped, the *Daily News* said, because:

> Tempers are rising on both sides. Some below-the-belt blows have already been registered, and the probability is that more and more will be . . . We have been furnishing the Battle Page free of charge to thirty-five other newspapers. If the Battle Page should involve us in libel troubles, we don't see how other papers carrying the Battle Page could escape being involved, too. If we should undertake to censor the Battle Page copy, we would promptly be accused of doing it in a partisan manner, and its value and probably its interest would sag off. We are sorry to call it off, but it seems the wisest thing to do.

Just to prove how complicated the whole business had become, the *Daily News* disclosed that a prominent Republican complained that the Democrats, on their half of the page, had uttered a falsehood about him. And there was also a complaint from a prominent member of the CIO-PAC demanding a retraction for a fiendish and libelous remark in the Republican column.

We appreciate the plight of the *Daily News*. It is no fun to be plagued by libel actions these days, what with almost everyone suing at the drop of an epithet. Then, too, the important need today is for national unity; blows that are struck below the belt should have no place in this campaign, certainly not in the *New York Daily News*, or the *Chicago Tribune*, or the *Washington Times Herald*, dedicated as all of these papers are to the cause of integrity, honesty, and fair play. It is all right to have pro and con treatments of important issues, as in the case of the Battle Page, but, when the gentlemen start roughing it up, they had better find another location for their rowdy behavior. Everything in its place. These three newspapers, on their own editorial pages, have established a high level for political discussion, and there is no reason why the men who write the copy for the Battle Page should sully it by not being able to achieve the same level of immaculate sportsmanship.

We are certain, knowing the *Daily News* as we do, that the cartoon appearing in the Democratic Battle Page column on Wednesday, October 11, had nothing to do with the abrupt decision to discontinue the page after Wednesday, October 11. That particular cartoon showed the Republican Presidential candidate standing on a platform, beneath which were huddled some eminent Americans, among them Mr. Hamilton Fish, Mr. Gerald L. K. Smith, a gentleman who is unidentified save for the cryptic word "Bertie" on his vest, and several other distinguished colleagues. The caption underneath the cartoon was labelled, "Look in the Cellar, Mr. Dewey." Now it has been suggested that, although there are many "Berties" in the world, the feeling grew at the *Daily News* that many readers might confuse this particular Bertie with Mr. McCormick, publisher of the *Chicago Tribune* who is connected in a family way with the ownership of the *Daily News*, and who also happens to be known to his intimates as Bertie. According to the same story, by which we place no store, the *Daily News* was also disturbed because the Bertie in the cartoon sports a moustache which, though not nearly so inspiring as the one worn by Mr. McCormick, is a moustache nonetheless and might precipitate an unhappy identification.

We can dismiss with confidence the notion that Mr. McCormick's connection with the *New York Daily News*, as well as with a segment of the party on which he has conferred the full weight of his allegiance, would in any way cause that newspaper to jettison a popular department. To those who through malevolence or mischief or both contend that the *Daily News* feared a situation in which its own pages might be used to carry disadvantageous references to a member of the family, it should be emphasized that the record of the *Daily News* is too eloquent on this point to sustain any suspicion. It has never played any favorites, nor has it countenanced any policy whereby it might be used as the personal sword or shield of the family. The editorship of the *Daily News* is a public trust; it serves only one master—the American people. Nothing must be allowed to interfere, not even the fixations of its owners, should they have any, which, of course, they do not.

Though it is a matter of record that the *Daily News* promised each party that its columns would be free of any tampering, that "not a comma would be changed," and that each side had *carte blanche*, it must be obvious that the *Daily News* never suspected that the respective political parties might say something to which the other might take exception, nor could anyone then possibly foresee that the cry of libel or fraud or foul or anything else might be made once the campaign reached the intensive stage. But now, as the *News* points out, "tempers are rising on both sides." It is something all right-thinking Americans will deplore; but who among us can stand forth as a shining prophet and proclaim that three months ago he knew this would happen? How can we blame the *News* for believing that caution is the better part of anticipation, considering its own experience only two years ago? It will be recalled that in 1942 the *News* permitted itself to predict that the Congressional elections of that year might be the last. Should it be argued that the value of this experience may be questioned since the *News* is making the identical prediction about this year's elections, it

Poem for a Political Campaign in Wartime

By Irwin Edman

THE truth may boom in big guns,
But here the little lies
Go prattling on in politics,
Far from embattled skies,
At home an orator orates,
Abroad a soldier dies.

Here the tiny statesmen strut,
While distant armies fight,
Here declarations, interviews,
There shattering flames by night.
Here little great men match their wits,
There youths drop doomed in flight.

While young men die in tropic seas,
On remote hills and plains,
Politics still are politics,
Campaigns are still campaigns,
And though this be a global war,
Each party still remains.

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can be answered that there was indubitably a slip-up somewhere and that several of the 1942 editorials were reprinted through some horrible mistake; and, although no one has yet caught the error, we can rest assured that it will be corrected within a reasonable time, just as we can be sure that the errant editorials will be forever destroyed, lest through another slip they find their way into the paper again several years hence.

Declamamus, insanimus, negamus. "Without malice, without heat, without bitterness"—a fitting motto for a great newspaper. Especially is the second part of this motto worth observing —*without heat.* The *Daily News,* in common with its relation, the *Chicago Tribune,* publishes editorials that represent the ultimate in refrigerated brilliance. Their editorial pages perform a national service in their ability to take the most burning controversies and cool them off to the point where they can be scrutinized by the public without smoke, odor, or discoloration of any sort. The editorials berating American military leaders for not using poison gas in this war, for example, are a specimen of frigid persuasion. Similarly, the incessant opposition to the policy of unconditional surrender reveals a singularly unheated approach to the eradication of Nazism in Germany after the war. As for the many references to the President's health in connection with the deaths of Mr. Smith and Mr. Willkie—they reflect only a sober concern that perhaps the President is being neglected by his medical attendants since these are days when people are likely to forget themselves and their rubbers wandering out into the rain, or in not remembering to stay out of drafts.

And when the *Daily News* says it is worried about "below-the-belt blows" it demonstrates how it is possible to criticize a man without fouling him, as it did shortly after Mr. Willkie's death, by referring to his resentment of and opposition to the President in a way that Mr. Willkie himself was obviously too inarticulate and reticent to do while he lived. Putting words into the mouth of a dead man is a delicate matter to be entrusted only to intimates and faithful friends, among whom, in this case, the owners of the *Daily News* felt privileged to occupy a prominent place. Thus there is no longer any danger that Mr. Willkie's ideas will suffer for want of a champion in the perilous days ahead, now that one of the largest organs in the world has come forth as his spokesman.

We started out to say we wanted to help the *Daily News.* We propose something that will relieve the *Daily News* of the fear of libel and make it possible for them to resume the Battle Page department. The country is passing through a period of difficult economic transition. High taxes, high wages, high costs have made it virtually impossible for a large organization to save against a rainy day, or even to put aside enough to defend itself against vicious libel suits. Clearly, the *Daily News* has its back against the wall.

As a literary magazine, though we have been hit hard, we suffer nowhere so gravely as the *Daily News.* We open our hearts and our purse, then, to Capt. Patterson, Col. McCormick, or any other members of the family requiring assistance. ***The Saturday Review*** herewith offers to indemnify the *Daily News* against any costs or losses in libel suits should it decide to resume the Battle Page. We will, in short, assume all financial responsibility connected with legal complications growing out of a continuation of that department. We make this offer as a privilege and duty. And, now that we have protected the *Daily News* in this respect, we await the resumption of the Battle Page with pride and patience, and a strong sense of the eternal.

N. C.

The Orchard

By Conrad Aiken

TAKING our time by the compass
our direction by the clock
under the celandine with the windfall
bitten by frost and the squirrel
(through the jungle in which imagination
says time is falling, time is falling,
the little jungle of crossed grasses
and the green celandine of the fearful heart:)
who is it that steps with us like a leaf
steps and then stops and then steps again
lifting the strand of cobweb over the door
to one peril after another?
Who indeed but the whole world in the heart
an apple full of seeds the dark seeds
waiting for the living to be dead
and themselves dead to be awakened.

Morning is round as a blue globe
on which no map has been painted
make a windmill of your arms
and describe the bare circle
thus the tree knows with hard boughs
the fatal fascination of sky
while the same secret design
its roots grasp the terror of earth.
Nothing separates your footstep
from the world it spurns and rejoins
you are both hurrying together
to an indescribable assignation.
The sun might have been your brain
the moon a drop of blood in your hand
turning to and fro in the tide
of the Ceaseless Know-Nothing.

Let us square out a brief space here
or have it round like a bird's nest
something to write a few words upon
or a box in which to keep pencils
or a very small room with one window
where we can watch the shadows
or a bed in which if we wish
we can make believe to sleep:
something we can call for a moment
known and familiar, our own:
a book opened at a passage
of which the meaning is maybe
or a face whose eyes have come back
from the magic peril of nightfall
a face whose eyes cannot hide
their haunted love of forever.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"The World of Washington Irving"

SIR: I have recently read Van Wyck Brooks's latest volume in his "scholarly story-telling" literary history of the United States. It is as always charmingly written, informative, an urbane synthesis of a multitude of details. As actual literary history it is, of course, seriously wanting as the author not only abstains from making serious judgments but also sentimentalizes much of his material. But various reviewers have already pointed out both the superficiality of the treatment and the charm of the style.

I was annoyed in my reading by various factual errors, usually in relation to those parts of the country—the South and the West—about which Mr. Brooks is less well informed than about the Atlantic seaboard. Perhaps a few of them are worth remarking:

a. Ohio was admitted as a state in 1803, not in 1802 (p. 121).

b. Major Thomas Melville, subject of Holmes's poem "The Last Leaf," was Melville's grandfather, not his uncle (p. 75).

c. Sault Ste. Marie appears wrongly as Sioux Saint-Marie (p. 167).

d. Simms's novel "The Yemassee" appears consistently as "The Yamassee" (pp. 299, 312, 313).

e. The author of "Simon Suggs," Johnson J. Hooper, appears as Joseph J. Hooper (p. 308).

f. Irving's "Tour on the Prairies" appears as "Tour of the Prairies" (p. 367).

g. George Catlin did not ascend the Missouri River in 1832 on "the first steamboat that ever ascended the river" (p. 391). The "Western Engineer" reached Council Bluffs in 1817.

h. Albert Pike was not the author of "Dixie" (p. 471); that honor is usually accorded Dan Emmett.

i. It is at least debatable that "the pioneers were a race of naturalists" (p. 180).

j. It is also extremely debatable that Washington Irving in 1815 was already the best-known of American writers" (p. 196).

k. Ste. Genevieve, Missouri, is not "the oldest white settlement west of the river [*i. e.*, the Mississippi]" (p. 183).

I hope that if "The World of Washington Irving" is reprinted, as it undoubtedly will be, these errors—together with a handful of glaring misprints—will be corrected.

JOHN T. FLANAGAN.
University of Minnesota

Books with Words

SIR: Leaving Australia for New Guinea, I brought along my "Pocket Book of Verse" to read on shipboard. Every day a few soldiers who—after looking over my shoulder (a habit you fall into fast in the Army)—ask "What kind of a book is that?"

You see? No pictures. The lines didn't run all the way out to the end of the page. Hence here was some strange "kind" of a book.

Think of it! Ten years from now I will be sitting out in a park reading a book with words in it. This volume will be one of those rare editions published back in the days when books had words in them. And people will come up to me and ask "What kind of book is that?"

I have writ on my book covers "This Book was Burned by Hitler and Tojo." Which brings varied reactions and comments from GI's, generally starting off with "This book?" I reply "No. Not this book; but every book by this author has been burned in Germany and Japan." From then on I'm up to my ears in debate which ends on this profound note: "The trouble with you is you read too many books."

The influence of comic books and photo-journalism can become a vicious tool in the hands of would-be Fascist book-burners, race-haters in America. But the Council on Books in Wartime, which issues current and classical writings without condensation to the Armed Forces, is doing a tremendous job in overcoming this lack of appreciation of books with words in them. They are to be congratulated.

SGT. GEORGE KAUFMAN.
New Guinea.

"Never mind, officer—we'll handle this our own way."

Our Colleague Receives a Letter

SIR: Enclosed is a copy of a letter I have just sent to *Time* Magazine, which may be of interest to your readers:

As a constant and long-time reader of *Time*, I wish to express my horrified protest against the policy which has inspired and directed the lead article "The Policy of Hate" in the October 2 issue. You have handled your bomb-shell in typical *Time*-fashion, by subtle suggestion and between-the-lines implication, maintaining your customary surface appearance of impartial reporting.

Even to the thousands of readers who will never read the text, but merely idly flip the page, your insinuation will be got across subconsciously. You have printed a photograph of Secretary Morgenthau, for which you must have combed your files, with an expression which at first glance resembles a loathsome sneer, completely uncharacteristic of a man who has often been described, in your own columns as well as elsewhere, as rather pathetically mild and retiring in manner. You have placed this lying photograph in juxtaposition with the title "The Policy of Hate." A child of eight could not miss your anti-semitic implication, which you carefully avoid putting into words.

You characterize Morgenthau, in a subtly superior tone, as a "fanatical Naziphobe," implying "just between you and me, he is a little prejudiced." May I ask, in the name of almighty God, how any self-respecting, sane human being could be anything else but a "fearer of Nazis," and how you expect the Allied Nations to win the war against Nazi fanaticism unless our "fear of Nazism" at least approaches "fanaticism" in zeal and determination? If that snide crack of yours were generally accepted there would be no point in our firing another gun, the war would already be lost. It would almost unmistakably appear that this is the result which someone high on your editorial staff is aiming to achieve.

As far as the actual subject of your article goes, the controversy over the problem of post-war Germany, the deep and vital difference of opinion of course exists. It calls for lengthy, detailed, impartial consideration in the press and in the hearts of the nation. A great deal has been written and said on both sides, and much more must be said before the solution is reached. The fact that time is tragically lacking makes the more

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reprehensible your attempt to characterize the policy of drastic punishment, including some or all of the points of the Morgenthau plan, as a "Policy of Hate," which it is not, and by suggestion as a policy supported mainly by Jews, which it most certainly is not.

I am enclosing an editorial from the September 23 issue of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, which is, in my opinion, the best presentation of the case for the virtual dismembership of Germany that I have seen. People who are of this persuasion, and there are many of us, and we are not all Jews, are motivated by anything but hate. Hate, yes, for the bestial savagery that has been growing like a cancer in the German state for twenty years, ruthlessly exterminating by the millions any mild objectors to this savagery, until surely little but the beast is left. And hate, too, for the possibility of any return of economic strength to this beast. If this is hate, let us discard the definition of humanitarianism.

How can Messrs. Stimson and Hull, yourselves, and the others who want Germany put back on its economic feet, possibly suppose that this rehabilitation can be achieved without what you mildly mention as the undesirable "development along military lines?" Surely you cannot seriously believe that the German people who have followed Nazism all these years, and especially their Prussian rulers, who have lived by the code of conquest for many centuries, will fail to use any economic strength we may restore to them for the purpose of preparing yet another bloody holocaust? Haven't we learned *anything* from the events of the past twenty-five years?

Of course, I realize that this plan will be pretty tough on General Electric, Remington Rand, IBM, Dupont, and the others with vast investments still dormant in Germany, and it is hard on our armies at the Rhine, if the threat of a peaceful, agricultural future frightens the Germans into fighting a little harder, but won't it be infinitely harder on all of us, and our children, ten or fifteen years from now, when an improvement in the robot bomb technique and other ingenious developments can be expected to blast us all?

I will merely mention in passing that I consider your casual use of the phrase "sterilize all Germans," your parenthetical appeal to the Eleanor Roosevelt haters, and your ringing quotation from Goebbels, as prime examples of insidious and dishonest journalism.

MARY MCELDOWNEY HUPFEL.
New York, N. Y.

The Cinderella Story

SIR: Cinderella's glass slippers used to worry me, too; and then, one day back in the early nineteen-hundreds, I came across a very satisfactory explanation, and thereafter worried no more.

Vair (squirrel skin) was used in the fourteenth century for the appareling of kings, nobles, and clergy.

Verre is French for glass.

The tale of Cinderella appears, in French literature, during the seventeenth century, being written by Charles Perrault. In it, her slippers are described as being made of *vair*. In translating Perrault's story into English, or possibly in the telling of it for several generations, the word *verre* was substituted for *vair*. And I find it interesting that Mrs. Miniver's surname derives from *vair*.

MAY HENDERSON TAYLOR.
Los Angeles 7, California

"Images and the Negro"

SIR: It was with some concern that I awaited the appearance of "Letters," reflecting your readers' reactions to those Ph. D. Overstreet articles, which apparently were written to extend a helping hand to professional psychologists, as well as to Negroes. I was shocked to see that, with the exception of Miss Glass, your correspondents all approved and some even considered the expressed sentiments too limited in scope.

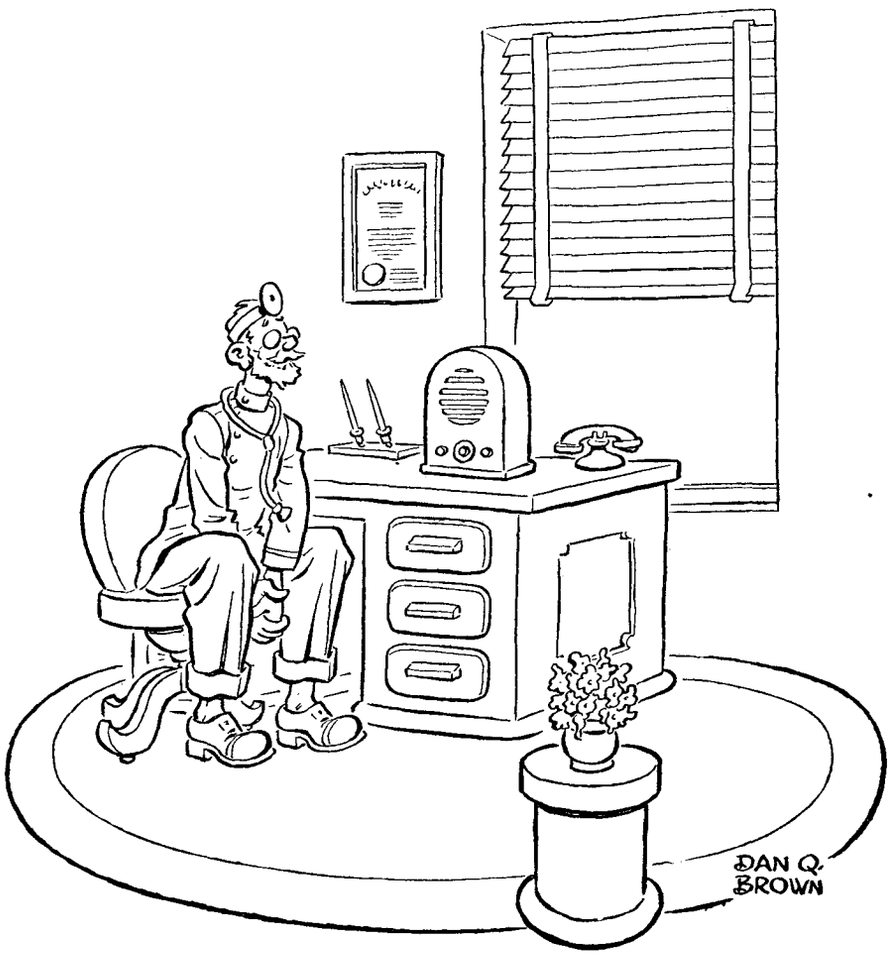
Those who have been surrounded by darkies all their lives and know them like cornbread, regard them as a matter of course, rather than as a problem and they do not have "images" about them. They just go along and make the best of a trying, but lovable race, hoping to goodness they will find some member of it with sense and "skill" enough to superintend a soup-bone, or chauffeur a lawn-mower.

The test of a backward race is not how a few of its members develop among superiors, but what they accomplish without outside intervention when they comprise the total population. No wonder Dr. Overstreet wishes to brush aside anthropologists and historians—as well as the embarrassing Ham—and start again from scratch, since for centuries Negroes lived alongside the Egyptians, who achieved an ancient culture, parts of which are not approximated by modern society, while the black man made no contribution whatsoever to civilization, but remained primitive, unprogressive, savage, and helplessly stymied by voluntary inertia.

Yet, in the face of this, Dr. Overstreet says "had they been given the chance, they would, in all likelihood, have built a society far different from ours," knowing, as he must, that they are as imitative as monkeys, and characteristically lacking in originality and initiative and energy.

Rights come as a reward for service to society. Those Negroes whose savage forebears were trapped, shanghaied, and sold to the South by Yankee slavetraders have never rendered such service unless, of course, one considers their by-no-means negligible menial contribution, which Dr. Overstreet does not choose to do. Naturally, there are the exceptions of a few individuals who have reaped the benefits of compulsory school-attendance.

Dr. Overstreet is so carried away by the effulgence of his own "images" that he says, "the only bar to the Negro is our own unwillingness to let



"Will Doctor Prescott remove little Trudy's tonsils? Will Grandma's broken leg heal in time for Margie's wedding? What caused Aunt Harriet's nervous breakdown? Be sure to listen in again tomorrow!"

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him in," and "the trouble is that the white, in his natural vision of the Negro, sees too many Emperor Joneses and too few George Washington Carvers." The trouble is that there are so many Emperor Joneses that they obscure from vision the pitifully few George W. Carvers.

To correct this social astigmatism Dr. Overstreet urges novelists to portray the darky *only* as the skilled worker, the genius, the hero, the successful organizer, the public-spirited citizen. That's all right, of course, as long as they would be writing for the up-lift trade anyway, but he goes on to make the really offensive suggestion that fiction writers project the "image" of whites and Negroes working together in perfectly natural and unconscious collaboration.

As a matter of fact, it would be folly to question the dogma of one who considers Negroes his equal.

And, as Dr. Overstreet says, "that is that."

ELIZABETH MILLER.

Ft. Worth 3, Texas

SIR: Many of us in Texas have contended, and Dr. Overstreet's fine articles in *The Saturday Review* seem to further substantiate our views, that the manner in which the Negro is portrayed or characterized in movies, on the stage, and in literature, tends to give whites a distorted idea of the whole race.

Psychologists and anthropologists who are worthy of the name have repeatedly shown that the traditional beliefs about the differences between Negroes and whites are traceable chiefly to differences in opportunity. Nevertheless, what white people read in fiction, in the Negro press, in the white press, and what they see in the movies and what they hear over the radios, determines, to a large extent, how they regard Negroes.

These things need to be done:

1. The Negro press, whose papers are being read by an ever growing number of whites, might address itself to a more intensive effort to cite the accomplishments of Negroes who have wrought well in whatever line of work they have followed. Our newspapers do a good job of citing the accomplishments of outstanding Negroes, but could probably accomplish more by bringing the achievements of successful farmers, and others who have shown organizing ability before the reading public.

2. Perhaps some organized group could persuade white publishers to treat news about Negroes as they do any other news stories—without using exaggerated Negro dialect, or any dialect, in quoting Negroes.

3. Perhaps some organized group could secure a provision that would stop national Congressmen from race-baiting tactics.

4. Perhaps some group could persuade owners of radio stations to extend their censorship to cover scripts that are definitely anti-Negro in content. I am still of the opinion that the Negro comic-dialect type of program influences the thinking of whites with reference to Negroes. One such program repeatedly sells the idea of a Negro who wants to be a big-shot, but who neither has the brain nor the urge to work sufficiently to bring his dream into a reality.

5. Negroes and whites who are interested in a more truthful portrayal of the Negro on the screen could keep after producers to cast Negroes in pictures in roles other than those of the traditional servants, comedians, thieves, razor-carriers, and believers in ghosts.

If any of these things could be accomplished, even to a small degree, the fiction writer would be more assured that he could write honestly of Negroes. The psychologist's voice would then stand a better chance of being heard. Some of the things that movies and radio programs portray speak so very strongly, that the average man positively refuses to hear what the psychologist has to say. The most notable evidence of the truth of this statement was the banning of the Public Affairs pamphlet: *The Races of Mankind* from the United Service Organizations last year.

(MRS.) E. W. STEWART.

Houston, Texas.

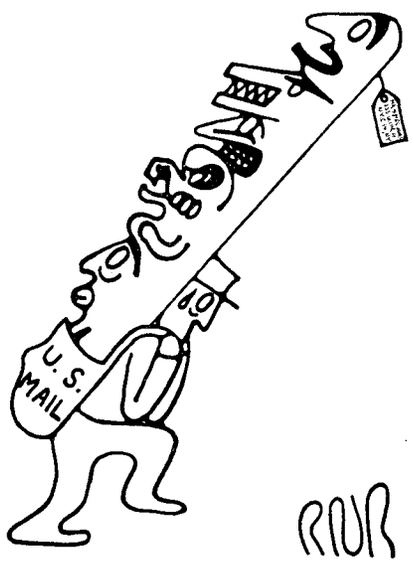
SIR: When are we going to have more articles by Dr. Overstreet on the Negro? After all the muddy thinking and irresponsible statements we have had on the Negro question, his recent article restored sanity and intelligence to their rightful place in the discussion of the problem. I have a hunch competent sociologists for a long time to come will regard his writings as among the most perceptive available on the subject.

JOHN HANDY.

New York, N. Y.

Dorothy Thompson and German Culture

SIR: With much interest I have read the article of Dorothy Thompson's in the August issue of your magazine. I would like to stop at one paragraph that caught my attentian particularly. I'm sorry I can't agree with her. Quote: "Certainly there are Germans in Germany who hold to the ideas of Kant or he would not live on in German universities for a century and a half."



Let me tell you of what has been happening for the last twenty-five years in the universities of Hungary, where the influence of German culture was very high. They had a movement called "Turul" to which all members of the universities belonged, including professors. That movement was extremely chauvinist and extremely anti-semitic. In 1939 they awarded their honorary membership on a poet by the name of Joseph Erdelyi, who wrote a poem about Ester Solymosi who was supposed to be murdered by Jews and her blood taken for ritual purposes.

How can I believe in the re-educating them when the majority of the younger generation in the universities can be blinded by false propaganda so deeply as to bring a whole nation to disaster? Another point which I would like to stress is, hatred is easy to teach even to a child, but to understand tolerance and democratic ideas demands people with more intelligence than those in the universities of Hungary and Germany where the young generation didn't resist burning the books of Heinie and Einstein.

LOUIS TEICHMAN.

New Orleans Army Air Base.

Trees, of Course

SIR: My wife, who subscribes to *Saturday Review of Literature,* thinks the following, by me, sheds a new light from a new angle on the subject of trees.

It's smart in laying out a course
To make your golfers use brute force.
Forests everywhere you see
And only God can miss a tree.

R. W. SAILOR.

Ithaca, New York

SIR: If you are ready to terminate the apparently interminable commentaries on Struther on Kilmer, I suggest the following terminus:

ANOTHER LEAF SHED BY "TREES"

Joyce Kilmer's lines may not be great
But here and now I rise to state
I'd rather far have written "Trees"
Than all its thousand parodies!

RICHARD ARMOUR.

Washington, D. C.

Are Editors Incurable?

SIR:

C'EST LA GUERRE

Dear editors—so generous
With their rejection slips—
Send all my manuscripts right back,
But keep my paper clips!

BETRENIA BOWKER.

Kansas City 3, Missouri.

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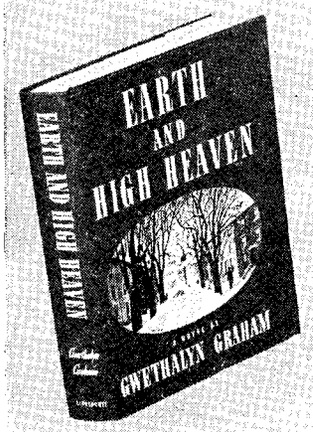

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—*Bernard DeVoto, N. Y. Herald Tribune*

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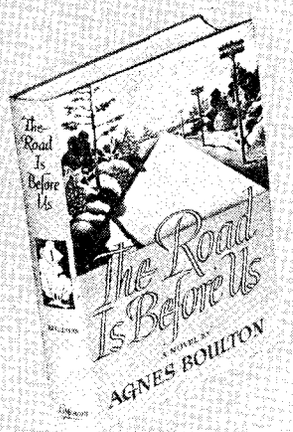

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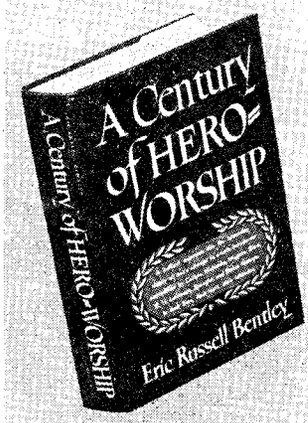

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"A brilliant, illuminating analysis of the philosophical and literary movement which, for over a hundred years, has tried to establish the 'hero' as the prime determinant in history . . . As fine a critical performance as has appeared in a long time."—*The New Yorker.*

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TRADE Winds

IF THERE HAS BEEN any constructive publishing done in New York in the past fortnight, it has been contributed by the hired help. The mighty publishers themselves have been huffing and puffing in panelled conference rooms, discussing coalitions and alliances. If only five per cent of the more fantastic rumors prove trustworthy, some new allies may be suffering pangs of misgiving before their signatures are dry on the contract forms. One correspondent summed up the bedlam as "men of letters charging into Martial Fields, with Harry Scherman Anti-Trust laws to the left of them, and International Cartmells to the right." If Mr. Field accomplishes nothing else in the book business, he can claim credit for innocently inspiring some of the strangest bedfellows since that seven-foot bouncer of a Fifty-second Street bistro married a midget from Ringling Brothers. . . . Your entranced correspondent, who has not remained aloof from all this dizzying flight into high finance, ventures to predict that, when all the shooting dies down, the business of book publishing will proceed pretty much as usual. The only extra dividends, for the next few years at least, will be declared by the publishers' legal advisers. . . . When paper quotas are exhausted, Satan finds some mischief still for idle publishers to do! . . .

TWO TOP-FLIGHT NOVELS, to be published early next year, are already attracting astronomical bids from the film magnates: "Cannery Row," by John Steinbeck (Viking), and "Great Son," by Edna Ferber (Doubleday). . . . Letters addressed to the "Mary Westmacott," who wrote the brilliant "Absent in the Spring," have an excellent chance of being read by Miss Agatha Christie. . . . *PM* is in the black. Its circulation is now over 180,000. . . . The Doubleday bookshops are experimenting with television. The first book chosen for adoption was "Alarum and Excursion." . . . Quincy Howe is writing "A Short History of the Modern World"—a tall order, any way you look at it. Simon and Schuster promise the book for 1946. . . . Alfred Knopf is waging a grim battle for re-election as fire commissioner in the Fourth District of Purchase, New York. . . . The new national anthem of the big, bad wolves is "I'll Be Seizing You in All the Old Familiar Places." . . . For members of the magicians' union, substitute "sawing" for "seizing." . . . Joe E. Lewis says he's in clover. He's got the iodine concession at Hollywood parties. . . . "The shortest shaggy dog story I know," writes Laurence McKinney, "is the one about the young girl who informed an acquaintance, 'You see, my father and mother were cousins, and that's why I look so much alike.'" . . .

"CAPSULE CLASSICS"

Will someone, if not Author Hersey,
Please teach me, oh goodness, oh mercy,
To pronounce the full name
Of his "Bell of ——" great fame
Before I g'Adano New Jersey?

VIVIAN GOULD.

The book is Not Quite Dead Enough,
Old Rex Stout is back with his stuff.
Arch and Nero are here
With their orchids and beer;
A swell book and not at all tough.

MARY ATWATER TAYLOR.

"GREEN DOLPHIN STREET"

Poor William was fuddled by liquor,
Marianne than Marg'rite was much quicker.
When he wrote the wrong gal
To become his life's pal
She said "yes," and the plot grew much thicker.

MILOA W. DEFANDORF.

ODYSSEY EPISODE

There was a Greek hero Ulysses
Who was used to Penelope's kisses.
On one of his trips, though
He loved fair Calypso—
Ulysses' worst weakness was misses!

BENJAMIN W. EARLY.

THAT BELL AGAIN

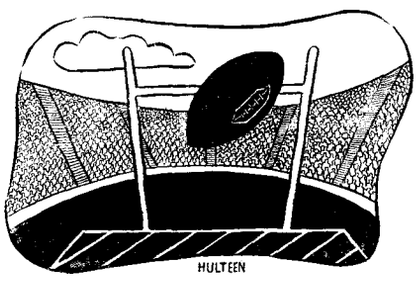
Mr. Joppolo he's a so swell,
He getta da people da bell.
But a lazy old ass
Keepa general from pass:
AMGO she's shotta to hell.

EUGENE T. MALESKA.

How long should we let this go on? . . .

A FEW WEEKS AGO I reprinted in Trade Winds a blast against novels "that highlight depravity below the Mason-Dixon line," written by Ernest Rogers, columnist on the *Atlanta Journal*. Ward Greene, an alumnus of the same newspaper, and author of the searing "Death in the Deep South," ventures to question Mr. Rogers's conclusions:

> My private regard for Ernest Rogers, who is publicly annoyed in the *Atlanta Journal* and *The Saturday Review of Literature* by novels that "give the South a black eye," is somewhat exceeded by my sympathy for Southern novelists who must take the tut-tuts of such sensitive Galahads as Rogers whenever they write anything depicting the South as less than Elysium.
>
> Mr. Rogers is so far off the beam in weeping for the South as the lone target of realistic writers that one is tempted to believe he has fallen behind in his reading and should catch up on American fiction of the last fifty years beginning with the San Francisco of "Vandover and the Brute" and coming right down the line with Dreiser, Lewis, and "Desire Under the Elms" to James T. Farrell and John Steinbeck.
>
> The truth is that the South has received no more honest examination at the hands of her native novelists than any other part of the country. But some Southerners just don't like it. It was their sort of sanctimonious umbrageousness that once made the South Mr. Mencken's "Desert of the Beaux Arts." God help her Faulkners, Wolfes, and Lillian Smiths of the future if these touch-me-nots grow up and prevail! . . .



ANOTHER EMINENT NOVELIST, William McFee, author of the newly published "Ship to Shore," is heard from on quite a different matter:

> Why doesn't somebody get out a typewriter made especially for writers? I have never seen a machine with proper single and double quotes, for instance. Nor with an exclamation point, for that matter. My idea was that a machine could be designed to write in ordinary type as used in the average novel, so that the author could produce a page of print, larger but the same as it would appear in his book. I was laughed down, exactly as many other geniuses have been laughed down in the past. But the fact remains that the designers of typewriters have never considered the problems of the author.

Mac is getting soft. He wrote the entire manuscript of "Casuals to the Sea" in long-hand. Now he wants miracles. . . .

R. H. NEWMAN, a young novelist before the war (he wrote "Far from Home," not to mention several stories in *The New Yorker*) is realizing a dream he had for two years while fighting the Japs in New Guinea. The dream: a three-week furlough in New York at the Algonquin. Newman is a glamorous looking lieutenant in the bomber command, bedecked with campaign ribbons for major actions, in-

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cluding a Presidential citation. His adoring chambermaid waited on him hand and foot. But now all that may be lost. He felt a sudden urge to write a story, and the chambermaid found him in his pajamas pounding a typewriter. "Oh, damn!" she exclaimed. "Are you a *writer?*" . . . The House of Books, at 2 West 56th Street, New York 19, is publishing a limited, signed edition of "The Unconquered," a Somerset Maugham short story that appears in book form for the first time. There will be only three hundred copies. The price: $3.50. . . . The CIO is weighing the advantages of sponsoring a new book club. . . . Philip Barry is dramatizing "Anna and the King of Siam" for the Theatre Guild. Lillian Gish is set for the role of the governess. . . . Dartmouth is reported to be revising its Freshman literature course, substituting standard English classics for the contemporary American novels featured in past years. If this report is true, I wonder what reasons prompted the switch, and if other colleges will follow Dartmouth's example? Calling correspondents from Hanover! . . .

TRAVELING SALESMEN, accustomed now to waiting on line for service in restaurants all over the country, have plenty of time to note the signs on display. One grim proprietor has a permanent neon sign in the window, reading "Waitress Wanted." Other proclamations reported: "The Silver Is Not Medicine; Please Do Not Take It After Meals"; "Cigarettes: 20c a pack; 2 packs for 35c; only one to a customer." . . . Dale Warren, the Houghton Mifflin Casanova, was reminiscing to Dorothy Hillyer. "I know nine girls on Pinckney Street alone," he informed her. "All told?" asked Dorothy. "No," said Dale. "One of them kept her trap shut." . . . Just about the best murder picture of the year is "Double Indemnity," adapted for the screen by Raymond Chandler from James M. Cain's "Three of a Kind." During one of its tensest moments, an elderly gentleman at the Paramount began groping for something on the floor, greatly disturbing a lady in the next seat. "What have you lost?" she inquired testily. "A caramel," said the man. "You're going to all this bother for a measly caramel?" she asked. "Yes," was the reply. "My teeth are in it." . . . Dwight Hutchison reports that his young daughter, just going in for culture, came to him in some distress. "It says in the paper," she announced, "that Tommy Manville is going to get married for the eighth time. Now how can a man who wrote 'Buddenbrooks' behave in such a fashion?"

BENNETT CERF.

"You'll still get in to see Dr. Hitzig first. That happens to be the doctor."

OCTOBER CRIME CLUB SELECTION

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by

Margaret Echard

author of BEFORE I WAKE

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Venture in Prophecy

WORLDS BEGINNING. By Robert Ardrey. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1944. 244 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

MR. ARDREY'S book is very disappointing. It is disappointing because he has chosen a fresh and exciting subject to write about, because he has written very eagerly and with considerable force, and because he has come up with a narrative confused in character, without focus. What are we moving toward? What's the world going to be like when World War II is over, ten years after, twenty? We're all thinking about that consciously or not. There have been plenty of conjectures already, all of them couched in the form of political and economic diagnosis; but Mr. Ardrey has taken the poet's license of projecting himself forward and looking back. His novel is the journal of a man remembering, in about the year 1965, the previous twenty years of shift and struggle in American history after World War II.

That ought to yield interesting results, given a questing imagination and a lively pen, both of which Mr. Ardrey seems to possess. Why is it, then, that his fictional venture in prophecy lacks the clarity and even the substance of many of the more sober prophecies by the economists and journalists? I think it is because Mr. Ardrey has put his picture together very much in the manner in which painters used to portray mythical monsters. Their imaginations were limited by the things they knew; even when they drew a creature that had never been seen before they made it of parts that were known, of a lion's head, an alligator's body, with an eagle's wings. These beasts were unconvincing because of the very conjunction of these unrelated parts. There was no unity in them just because they were already parts of separate unities elsewhere. A new beast would have its own characteristic logic.

Similarly, Mr. Ardrey's America of 1950 and 1960 is unconvincing, because it is concocted of things and events we have already seen and noted in their own contexts. We feel that the future, be it made of whatever elements, will be a new combination of them, will possess a character and a morphology that cannot be predicted by merely piecing together the things we know.

He predicts inflation, depression, race warfare, the collapse of industrial capitalism, the appearance of a new kind of labor-management commonwealth which is strangled, strangely enough, by a labor government. This is not really a new species of enterprise, of course; we read of it a couple of years ago, when a very lively aircraft plant that offered its labor all sorts of management-participation and benefits made all the magazines, in leading articles. Mr. Ardrey develops this idea with a good deal of fervor, the one golden horizon in his otherwise black world of the immediate future. But, according to his insistent, angry logic, the labor government then in power must wish to maintain corporation capital, must work to defeat labor's real interests. "The difference between the interests of labor and the interests of labor organization" is something he talks of most earnestly and at length, convinced that institutions, like government, unions, parties, are the enemies of natural man. This gives us an interesting line on Mr. Ardrey's personal philosophy, but it doesn't advance his project of plotting the future. All of these things, the war, the disunity, the political and racial clash, even the lengthy arguments for managerial revolution, we have seen and heard. This is more like recapitulation than worlds beginning. It expresses certain widely-shared fears about the worst elements in the present picture. It does not work toward an organic view of what tomorrow may look like.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 70

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle.

IF YOU ARE STUCK: *The clue below the cryptogram will give you the definition of one word. Answer to No.* 70 *will be found in the next issue.*

YZ PCTYBN, YZ ATEIN, YZ CZAN! MNJ D NYUEFN.

—ICNWWM.

CLUE: SIXTH WORD: IT SPRINGS ETERNAL.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 69

IF YOU WISH TO DESTROY AVARICE, YOU MUST DESTROY LUXURY, WHICH IS ITS MOTHER.

—CICERO.—DE ORATORE.

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A New Iliad Translation

THE ILIAD OF HOMER. A LINE FOR LINE TRANSLATION IN DACTYLIC HEXAMETERS. By William Benjamin Smith and Walter Miller. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1944. 565 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by C. A. ROBINSON, JR.

A NEW and distinguished translation of the world's greatest poem is a momentous event. I am inclined to believe that this is the best translation of the "Iliad" to date, but obviously one must live with it for a considerable period, as in the case of a new symphony. There have been many translations of the "Iliad," in both prose and verse, and when I say that none is perfect, I mean that not one of them obliterates all consciousness of any original other than the English words, as does the English Bible, which is probably the only work ever to have been perfectly translated.

Homer's new translators are the late Professor William Benjamin Smith of Tulane University, philosopher and universal scholar, and Professor Walter Miller of the University of Missouri, one of America's great classicists and a grand and kindly gentleman of eighty. The book has been beautifully manufactured and includes, in addition to thirty-nine drawings by John Flaxman, an introduction that is brief, sensible, and helpful.

In spite of Keats's tribute to Chapman, I have never been able to find more than momentary joy in his, or indeed in any verse, translation of the "Iliad" and have always turned to that of Lang, Leaf, and Myres, even though prose is no medium for translating poetry. The task of a translator is to reproduce with as high a degree of fidelity as possible the meaning of the original and at the same time to catch its form, phrasing, and movement. One might rest content with reproducing the equivalent of the original metrical designs, but the present translators have given a line translation in the metre of the original, something that has never been tried before. The line for line rendering occasionally restricts the translators, I think, but the use of dactylic hexameters is eminently successful. If there is one thing that most people have agreed upon in the past it is that English is not suited to this metre, so that this unique translation is as exciting and surprising as it is satisfying.

It seems to me that Smith and Miller have caught the meaning and spirit of Homer, the vigor and noble majesty and simplicity of his language. Let me quote a few lines from one of the greatest moments in the "Iliad," when Priam comes to Achilles and asks for the body of his son. No other translation that I know can quite touch this:

> Ares impetuous loosened the knees of most of my children;
> One that was left me alone, who guarded the people and city,
> Him of late thou hast slain as he fought in defense of his homeland,
> Hector; for his sake now I am come to the galleys Achaean,
> Seeking to win him from thee, and I bring a limitless ransom.
> Yea, have awe of the gods and compassion on me, O Achilles,
> Mindful of thine own father; and even more piteous I am;
> Braved have I that which never on earth braved a mortal before me,
> Lifting my hand to the lips of the man who hath slain my children.

Advice to Those in Danger

By Lewis Mumford

WE are all old, cankered and old before our time:
Grizzle-aged in youth: mummy-old in the prime.
We are calloused with evils our skins cannot shed:
Tear-grimed are our faces: cleansed, only the dead.
We are racked with the effort to live through the day:
The weak dare to linger but the strong do not stay.
Flogged into hard action unquickened by dream
We claw the black air, far off the beam.
We have lost all our gear—radar, compass, and chart:
Over is under and close is apart:
The seconds are years, for no landing's in sight:
Far off the beam we may crash in the night.
Rise higher! rise higher! our safety lies there:
Now jump from the blind craft and trust to the air!

NOTES FROM Chapel Hill

AUTHORS have a singleness of purpose we find irresistible. During the summer, while we were rounding up odds and ends before publishing *Ranger Mosby,** we had a visit from the author—Virgil Carrington Jones on the title page of his book and on the catalogue cards in libraries, "Pat" to his friends.

When we told him—with honest enthusiasm—that we thought he'd written a really good book, he seemed pleased. "And you know," he said, "the thing almost got burned up. Nearly two years of notes and six chapters of the finished manuscript. We were living on the first floor of an old apartment house where the furnace wasn't much good, and early one morning the janitor got up too much steam and the boiler blew up. The whole place would have burned to the ground if the firemen hadn't done such a good job. Some of my notes were singed, and all of the chapters were soaked, but I didn't lose a word of it."

"Of course we lost just about everything *else* we had," Mrs. Jones added cheerfully.

"Yes, that's right, we did," agreed Pat. "Had to get out in our bathrobes. But the notes and the manuscript were all right."

Only an author could shrug off outrageous fortune with such equanimity.

Last spring we had another author with that same zest for what he was doing — B. F. Bullock, who wrote *Practical Farming for the South.** He had suggested certain illustrations, and we'd been collecting them. When he came to the Press to look them over, he'd hardly put his briefcase on the table before he asked, "Could you get a picture of Spring Brook Bess Burke?"

Apologetically we admitted we couldn't. We knew he'd be disappointed. Spring Brook Bess Burke was a cow he'd said some especially nice things about. "Not Spring Brook," we repeated, "but we do have one of her daughter, Spring Brook Bess Burke II." We took the picture out of a folder and handed it to him.

There was silence while he scrutinized it. Then he laid it down on the table—gently—and gently said, "Well, she isn't the cow her mother was."

No wonder reviewers found *Practical Farming for the South* full of valuable information, written with sympathy and understanding.

Surely authors are a race apart. As publishers, we couldn't get along without them.

*RANGER MOSBY, by V. C. Jones $3.50
*PRACTICAL FARMING FOR THE SOUTH, by B. F. Bullock $2.50

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World Challenge

THE ROAD TO SERFDOM. By Friedrich A. Hayek. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1944. 250 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HANS KOHN

MR. HAYEK, an Austrian economist who lived for many years in England, presents to the American and British public a thoughtful book on the fundamental questions of our time. Cogent in its reasoning, gracious in its presentation, forceful in its plea, this short book deserves the widest reading and the most careful attention. Its thesis will come as a shock to many readers. It would be good if they would not refuse to read the book because it seems to run counter to many of the widely accepted and cherished slogans of the day, but accept the challenge and enter into the discussion. As the issues have become so confused, the book rightly goes back to fundamentals.

Like Ludwig von Mises and Wilhelm Röpke, Mr. Hayek is a liberal; that is, he believes that in the ordering of our affairs we should resort as little as possible to coercion. Liberalism has been the foundation of Anglo-Saxon or Western civilization. In the nineteenth century this civilization spread eastwards. But in the last sixty years the eastern spread of the Western ideas was stopped. A counter offensive, the center of which was Germany and to a lesser degree Russia, spread from the east to the west, undermining the fundamentals of liberalism. This strong anti-liberal and anti-capitalistic movement hardly concealed its contempt for the "shallow" or "outmoded" ideas of the West or of the 19th century. Strangely enough the people of the West soon began to believe that their own former convictions had merely been "rationalizations of selfish interests, that free trade was a doctrine invented to further British interests," and that the political and economic ideas of America and England were something to be ashamed of. Dr. Hayek pleads for the verities of 19th century liberalism; he does it with moderation and insight, warning against the abuses of the older individualism as much as against the danger involved in all large-scale planning which threatens to undermine the rule of law and to make power arbitrary.

Planning is nothing new. Adam Smith warned against it when he wrote that "the statesman who should attempt to direct private people in what manner they ought to employ their capitals, would assume an authority which could safely be trusted to no council whatever, and which would nowhere be so dangerous as in the hands of a man

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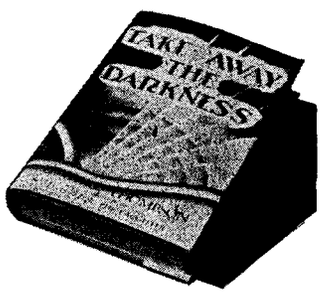

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who had folly and presumption enough to fancy himself fit to exercise it." For economic control destroys liberty, it is a control of the means for all our ends and implies therefore the determination which ends are to be served and what men should strive for and believe. Complete planning would lead, as Trotsky has pointed out, to a situation where the sole employer would be the state and an opposition would mean death by slow starvation. "The old principle, who does not work shall not eat, has been replaced by a new one: who does not obey shall not eat." The widespread assumption today which extolls security at the expense of liberty is only one element in a general attitude which regards all moral values —respect for the individual and individual responsibility, truth and intellectual honesty—as 19th century illusions.

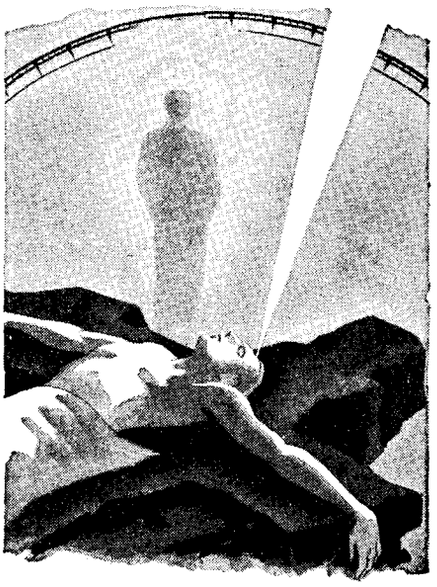
One of the best chapters in Mr. Hayek's book traces the rise of this opposition to 19th century ideals in Germany. Germany was never a liberal state in the Western sense. "It was not so much that at almost all times a larger part of the German people was organized for war than was true in other countries, but that the same type of organization was applied for so many other purposes, which gave German society its peculiar character." With all his great virtues, the average German often lacks tolerance and respect for other individuals, independence of mind and readiness to defend his own convictions against a superior, that healthy contempt of authority and dislike of power which only an old tradition of personal liberty creates. German philosophers have represented the striving for personal happiness as itself immoral and only the fulfilment of imposed duty as praiseworthy. Mr. Hayek has a number of brilliant pages on representative German thinkers who are little known in the English speaking world, and some astonishing pages on the deep influence of these German thinkers on English writers like Professor E. H. Carr whose books have become widely popular on both sides of the Atlantic. Professor Carr has entirely accepted the German outlook of contempt for the 19th century and for English traditions, and the German faith in the inevitability of the "wave of the future." This loss of faith in the values of Anglo-American civilization has made democratic propaganda so ineffective.

Mr. Hayek devotes only one short chapter to the prospect of international order but it is in its sanity of outlook and its responsible realism one of the best recent discussions of the complex problems by which we are faced. Clear and decisive answers are given on a few pages to most of the slogans which at present confuse the issues before us and turn us away from the immediate task of federation and cooperation. "The need is for an international political authority which, without power to direct the different people what they must do, must be able to restrain them from action which will damage others. . . . We shall all be the gainers if we can create a world fit for small states to live in. But they can preserve their independence only in a true system of law which guarantees both that certain rules are invariably enforced and that the authority which has the power to enforce these cannot use it for any other purpose." Mr. Hayek's book abounds in fertile suggestions. Its strength rests on the fact that it goes back to fundamentals. Its proposed solutions lie in the line of the Anglo-American tradition. It is interesting and comforting that a Central-European writer can be so "Anglo-American." And it is interesting and comforting that a professional economist warns against the overestimation of economic motives and considerations and appreciates the autonomy and importance of moral values and ideological factors in the life of society.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Richard Swiveller, in "The Old Curiosity Shop," by Charles Dickens.
2. Phileas Fogg, in "Around the World in Eighty Days," by Jules Verne.
3. Belinda, in "The Rape of the Lock," by Alexander Pope.
4. Ah Sin, in "Plain Language from Truthful James," by Bret Harte.
5. Sarah Battle, in "Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist," by Charles Lamb.
6. Dangerous Dan McGrew, in "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," by Robert W. Service.
7. Prince Florizel, in "The Suicide Club," by Robert Louis Stevenson.
8. Philo Vance, in "The Canary Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine.
9. Gaylord Ravenal, in "Show Boat," by Edna Ferber.
10. John Oakhurst, in "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," by Bret Harte.

A SPLIT SECOND IN ETERNITY



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The Phoenix Nest

THE following is not pleasant. But I am going to put it right here at the top of my column for all to see. It is from the end of a despatch by the distinguished Negro writer, Roi Ottley, printed in *PM* for October 3. He is discussing René Maran, a Negro, winner of the Goncourt Prize and of the Grand Prize of the French Academy for his novels. Maran stood out against writing for the Nazis against America, as they finally compelled him to. He wrote a long essay, hailing the advances made by the Negroes in America, which will yet be published. Here are, however, the last three paragraphs of Mr. Ottley's report. They should shame us. I don't know from what part of America those soldiers came! I do know, that to the civilized French people such conduct must seem at least on a par with that of the hated Nazis!

Maran is full of hope for the future period, but he was recently bewildered by the behavior of certain American liberators of Paris. Down the street from his home is a cafe he has frequented for a number of years. A few days ago, in French fashion, he took his French wife to the cafe for wine and talk with his French cronies.

When he sat down, five white American soldiers walked over and jostled him out of his chair. Then they rained insult and abuse on his wife for being in the company of a Negro.

Maran is bewildered because this never happened during the Nazi occupation. His wife remarked to me that she never before had received an unkind word because of her husband's color.

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THAT'S what they told Dorothea Capper! A lonely spinster, she thought nobody cared whether she lived or died. But she was dead wrong! She found herself the heiress to five hundred thousand dollars—IF *she were still alive in thirty days!*

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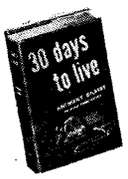

Then Arthur Crook, canny lawyer-sleuth who made *The Woman in Red* and *Death in the Blackout* so memorable, enters the picture. Sparklingdialogue,sharply-etched characterization and suspense-seething situations make this a peerless puzzler. If you need lots of sleep—don't ask for this book!

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The following comes to me from Dorothy Goodfellow of Pittsburgh. Poems of hers, signed "D. W.," used to appear in Christopher Morley's The Bowling Green:

SONNET FOR THE UNPUBLISHED

We are the unsuccessful poets, we,
Who play to doting audiences of one;
The poets yet unpublished, whose verse, free
Or rhymed, or metaphysical like Donne
Or blank like Shakespeare, knocks most frequently
At unresponsive editorial hearts.
Poor understudies, you must well agree
That roles like ours, not even walk-on parts,
Are sad indeed, so unrepaid to be
For hours of soulful toil. No sale in marts,
No wild, applauding claque, no critic's glee
Nor sharp reproof which makes for aches and smarts!
But ah, my friends, how joyous is our flight
Stolen on Pegasus at dead of night!

"D. W."

Starr Nelson has found the following in "Rare Poems of the Seventeenth Century," edited by L. Birkett Marshall. It might well apply to certain politicians!

ON THE DEATH OF A MONKEY

Here, Busy and yet Innocent, lyes Dead
Two things that seldom meet:
No Plots nor Stratagems disturb'd his head,
Or's merry Soul did fret.
He shew'd, like superannuated Peer;
Grave was his look, and Politick his Air;
And he for Nothing, too, spent all his care.
But that he died of Discontent, 'tis fear'd,
Head of the Monkey Rout;
To see so many Brother Apes preferr'd,
And he himself left out.
On all below he did his Anger Show'r,
Fit for a Court did all above adore,
H'had Shows of Reason, and few Men have more.

THOMAS HEYDRICK (1649-1694).

Now who can tell me more of Thomas Heydrick? I could paraphrase Kipling, and say something about his "Heydrick Head in Air," or wonder whether he might have been some kin to the faultless Robin—but who really was he? He should be enshrined with the poet of the wonderful name, and that marvelous neck-verse, Chidiock Tichborne, who was claimant to nothing save immortality!

I wrote this the other day for my step-grandson, who has a lively interest in life:

CAGES

For Timothy

Now we will put the tiger in the cage.
It is a paper cage, a paper tiger,
Or else a paper bear, a paper monkey.
We put the monkey in the tiger's cage,
But if the tiger's still outside the cage
You will not know why my teeth grind with rage
Because yours is a book but mine's a world
Where they are putting tigers into cages
Though the brute force of them would burst the paper,
As the apes long have known; and it would seem
We have long cried "Let ape and tiger die!"
But when we think to incarcerate a tiger
Only a monkey's caged; when we coerce
That simian agility, we hear
Sudden a grating roar. I read the papers
As you read. You read mostly upside down
When you pretend to read. And almost always
They advocate the wrong things be confined
Leaving uncaged the worse. You stare at me
And vaguely smile. . . . Yes, now again we hope
That we will put the tiger in the cage. . . .

Alfred H. P. Sayers, of this city, says he wishes to enter a caveat about my praise of Simeon Strunsky's column, Topics of the Times, or,

(*Continued on page* 33)

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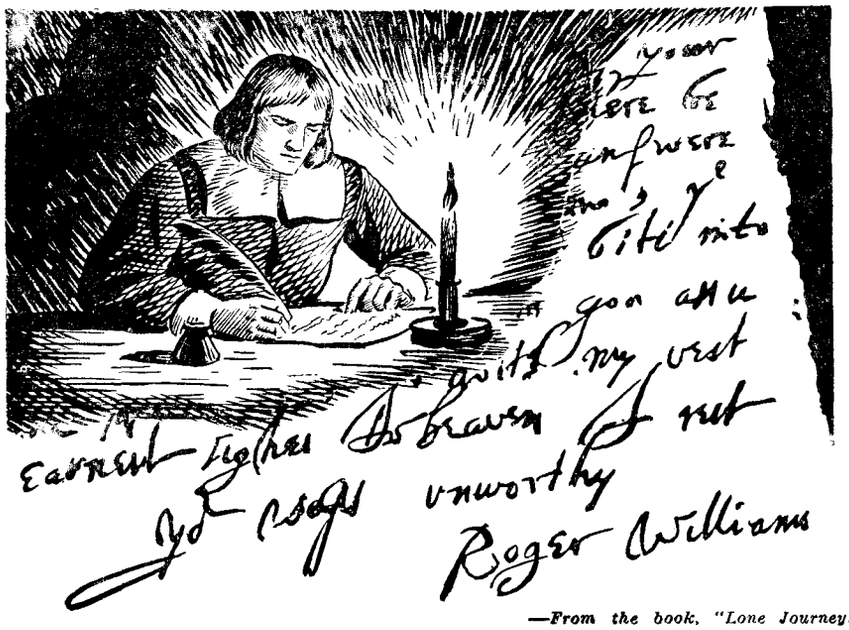
The American Scene in Children's Books



—*From the book, "Lone Journey."*

THE selection of books for boys and girls with an American background is especially important this year. As the European countries are liberated from the Axis by the Allied Forces, curiosity about the people who helped to liberate them is bound to increase. Many European boys and girls have formed their ideas of America on the films, on exciting but inaccurate tales of Indians, cowboys, and gangsters. The American soldier grinning at them from a jeep, throwing them candy and chewing gum, is changing this picture for the better; but even he needs a more solid background. Fairly soon European publishers will be looking over American childrens' books, as anxious as we are to give their young people a true picture. A number of movements have been started that will help them: in London Childrens' Book Week will be celebrated as and when we celebrate ours. Thanks to Books Across the Sea and May Lamberton Becker, a broad selection of the books of 1944 will be there for English fathers and mothers and teachers and librarians, and for the children themselves, to see. The American-Soviet Friendship group is planning to send a collection to Russia. The Women's Council for Post-War Europe is working on a Treasure Chest of books about America for the European children and, later, for the children of Asia. The choice of these books should be the concern of everyone, young and old. They should be subject for discussion in schools, libraries, settlement houses, and among "serious thinkers." The surest way to get the ultimate value of a book is to give it to a *very* young person and watch his expression or to a fairly young person and listen to his comments. His approval or disapproval is probably the answer as to whether or not the book will live. We believe—a faith founded on long experience—that no book written with the deliberate purpose of "explaining" America to foreigners will ever be popular in the true sense of that word. We have had quite enough in these last years of mental coercion, of the forced forming of ideas and ideals. We must dread it as the burnt child dreads the fire. The books about America that go to the children of Europe must be true pictures of American life. They must be so lively and attractive and interesting that they will be read with spontaneous pleasure by the boys and girls who have lived through the lean, hard years of this war.

It will not be an easy choice. Not just teachers and critics and librarians should be allowed their Yea and Nay. The loudest voice should come from the people of the country concerned and from American boys and girls. It would be great fun to discuss the whole question in open forums all over the country. The moderator would probably be totally exhausted when the discussion was over, but it would be exhaustion in a good cause. And our native sense of humor could be depended upon! There has never in our history been a better chance to tell our story to a world of eager listeners. If we fail to tell it well, without prejudice or sentimentality and with due modesty, we lose an opportunity that may not come again.

MARY GOULD DAVIS,
SRL's Children's Book Editor.

LOVER OF FREEDOM

LONE JOURNEY: The Life of Roger Williams. By Jeanette Eaton. Illustrated by Woodi Ishmael. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1944. 266 *pp.* $2.50.

ONE finishes this fine biography with an earnest wish that its subject were living now. From boyhood until his death Roger Williams fought magnificently for the very thing that the men of the Allied Nations are fighting and dying for today—the freedom and dignity of the individual man. He spoke for a small group. Today he might speak for the whole world:

> These are the laws that concern all men, and these are the penalties for the transgression thereof, which by the common consent are ratified and established throughout this whole colony; and otherwise than thus what is forbidden, all men may walk as their conscience persuade them, every man in the name of his God.

Freedom of worship was his greatest concern, but he was keenly conscious of the other freedoms. He was no fanatic. He wanted, as all men want, a home in the New World for his wife and their children, a hearthstone to warm them, a garden to feed them. He wanted a voice in government. He was one of the founders of the American town hall.

We see him first as a boy in London, puzzled by the reaction of the mob to the passing of the Earl of Somerset, the favorite at that time of King James. The brutal persecution of the Pilgrims stirs him deeply. Through a lucky chance he becomes secretary to one of the great liberals of the time, Sid Edward Coke. He watched and, later, met and talked to the men who opposed the absolute power of King and Archbishop in the stormy years that preceded the rise of Oliver Cromwell. His passion for freedom, fed by all this, grew to a flame. In the end it became necessary for him to leave England, and he and his Mary joined the group that founded the Massachusetts Bay Colony. But here, too, he found the absolute sway of King and Archbishop, the stupidity, restraint, the arbitrary laws that still ruled the mother country. The story of his fight to establish individual freedom in the New World through his own colony in Rhode Island is one of the most stirring chapters in our history. It is told here so well that it reads like a good novel. Miss Eaton has obviously done original and thorough research

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for her book; but the scholar in her is dominated by the storyteller. The interest, the drama never lag. And it is always so amazingly timely. Roger Williams believed that any problem could be resolved if men sat down together and discussed it with open minds, and with good will toward one another. His relationship with the Indians, constantly marred by the stupid actions of the governors, showed this. Over and over again he diverted disaster. He upheld the right of the Quakers to their own faith. He welcomed to his tiny colony the Spanish Jews who had been driven out of the Dutch settlement of New Amsterdam. Scholar, writer, minister, pioneer, and —above all—fighter for freedom, he was the forerunner of Thomas Jefferson and Walt Whitman. In this particular year of our history American boys and girls will see his value and thrill with pride in him. M. G. D.

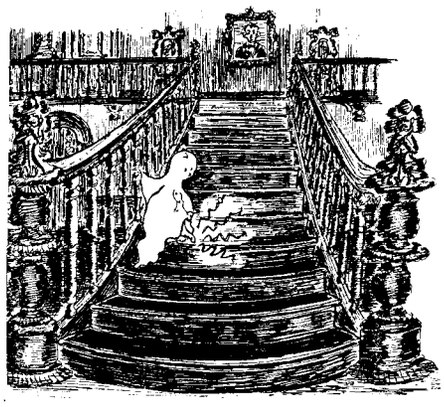
NICE LITTLE GHOST

GEORGIE. By Robert Bright. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1944. 44 *pp.* $1.25.

WHEN William Pène DuBois's picture book "Elizabeth the Cow Ghost" was published in 1936 some grown-ups raised their eyebrows. "A *ghost* story for little children!" The reaction of the children was different. Intense interest and the deep, throaty chuckles that are a response to *real* humor, not the "slapdash" variety, followed the adventures of Elizabeth and Paul. It was "scary" but, most of all, it was funny. They will feel the same way about "Georgie."

George is an ingratiating little ghost, mild and anxious to please. He haunted the New England home of Mr. and Mrs. Whittaker and was quite useful. He "creaked" the stairs or "squeaked" the parlor door to tell them when to go to bed. He warned the cat when it was time for his midnight prowl and the owl when to say "Whoo-oo-oo." But Mr. Whittaker became annoyed and nailed the creaking board down firmly, and oiled the parlor door. So Georgie had to find another house to haunt. It was as difficult as it is to find a house to live in nowadays! No one wanted Georgie, not even a cow when he tried to haunt a barn. Then it snowed and rained, and everything got very damp indeed. In the Whittaker house the board began to creak again, and the parlor door to squeak every time it was closed or opened. So Georgie came home.

The pictures, in a dark, mysterious blue ink, are quite as amusing as the story and quite as pleasantly ghostly. As Hallowe'en draws near, storytellers are beginning to look up their tales of ghosts and witches and goblins. They will find Georgie a happy choice for the little children. M. G. D.



—From the book, "Georgie."

EMIGRÉS IN AMERICA

THE WINDING RIVER. By Helen Fuller Orton. Drawings by Robert Ball. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1944. 239 *pp.* $2.

IS it characteristic for a young nation to take a particularly vivid interest in its own history? And could that be the reason why in America so many books with an historical background are published for young people? Many more than in Europe where the tendency has been to write present-day stories which in a century or so become historical.

This new book by an active writer describes life in the French settlement of Azilum on the Susquehanna River. Emigrés who had fled the Revolution built a little colony there in the vain hope that it might become a haven for their beloved Queen Marie Antoinette and her son, the Dauphin. Into this group there comes in 1797 the thirteen-year-old Antoinette de Manville who with her aunt begins a new life in a new world. With all the eagerness of her age Toinette, who on the voyage had been reading "Robinson Crusoe" in English, now observes the country and meets and enjoys the people. Gently rebellious against her over-careful aunt, Madame La Force, she leads a much freer life than in the chateau in France.

Toinette makes friends with the settlers and by the time she is seventeen is deeply in love with one of them, Neal, a blond young man with blue eyes. He succeeds in persuading her that in America a girl follows her heart, not the decision of her relatives. Truely, Antoinette would not be worthy of our interest if she gave up the splendid young man to go back to France with her conservative aunt to whom so many things, like work for instance, are not "lady-like." We know when we close the book that Antoinette will be happy with Neal, that—much to our satisfaction—Madame La Force has returned to the chateau in France where she rightly belongs.

Other emigrés prove more adaptable than Toinette's aunt. Some women who have done little but change their costume several times a day do their own housework in the new colony with fine spirit. Toinette herself ventures into dress designing for which she shows exceptional gifts. Colorful parties under shining candelabras, where the women wear their old dresses of satin and brocade, bring gaiety and reminiscences of the French Court to life in the little settlement. The reader learns something about the ways of eighteenth century French society. He will come to the conclusion that, although his manners may be different, a plucky Frenchman is at heart not so unlike a courageous American settler.

The background facts of this little known French colony in Pennsylvania are drawn with careful regard to accuracy. The drawings by Robert Ball reflect the quaint charm of the period.

BLANCHE WEBER SHAFFER

JEEP, THE BULL

THE RED TRACTOR. By Paul Corey. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1944. 248 *pp.* $2.

THIS is a story of the struggle of the small "home" farm against the great "absentee owner" farms which, because they produce more food for war, are given Government priority for mechanical equipment. It centers in Stanley Shield, his family, and his neighbors. The "villain of the piece" is the son of the manager of the Fairview Farms Corporation. This sounds, and in one way is, conventional. But Stan himself is a character, not a type. And Ted Bolton has a reason for his rather contemptible tricks, his hatred of the home farms and their owners. The United States is at war, and Ted wants to be a Navy flyer. Stan understands—and the feeling between them develops very naturally. Then there is small Peter and his bull calf, Jeep. His despair when Jeep is stolen, the scene at the cattle auction when Jeep is put up for sale and Peter recognizes him—there is humor and real feeling in this incident.

The red tractor that is bought after many trials and disappointments is, in a sense, symbolic. Stan is determined to make his eighty acres a modern farm with modern equipment. Cultivating the earth, growing food for a hungry world is a vocation, not a job. He knows it instinctively. He knows that the power of modern machinery must be added to the work of his brain and his hands. In the clos-

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ing chapter we leave Stan and his pretty, capable Peggy planning their future. The harvest is in, the home farm is free from debt. Peter lovingly fingers the coveted white halter—his Jeep has proved to be the Grand Champion calf at the County Fair. The neighbors are gathered for the harvest feast. Out on the porch, in the half darkness, Stan says, "And we'll have electricity!" Then they began to laugh, and their laughter ran away into the Indian Summer night. M. G. D.

PILGRIM FAMILY

PURITAN ADVENTURE. Written and Illustrated by Lois Lenski. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1944. 224 *pp.* $2.

THE time of this story is ten years after the landing at Plymouth. The Partridge family—father, mother, and five children—are living in the tiny settlement of Fairhaven. To them from England comes their mother's young sister, gay, pretty Aunt Charity. She wears a pearl band under her beaver hat, her mulberry gown has full sleeves and lace ruffles, her gloves are embroidered with silken threads. But, with all her daintiness, Aunt Charity has strength and humor and courage. Her first act on the soil of the New World is to defend the bound girl, Patience Tucker, who has made a nuisance of herself on the voyage from England. To the sober Puritan children Aunt Charity brings warmth and a gracious happiness. But she definitely upsets the Pilgrim Fathers! Eventually she is called before the Magistrate's Court, where she not only defends herself and wins the support of the Puritan women for whom she has done much, but frees poor Patience who has, by this time, committed most of the minor sins on the Puritan calendar. This is an absorbing scene.

Miss Lenski has obviously done a piece of interesting and varied research for this story. All of its details sound authentic, and yet they never intrude on the action and the characters. The book is illustrated with many of her drawings in black and white and green and red.

M. G. D.

TALE OF FAITH

MAYFLOWER BOY. By Stanley Young. Illustrated by Edward Shenton. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1944. 272 *pp.* $2.

WHY did they give this lively and original story of the first year of the Plymouth Colony so ineffective a title? Giles Hopkins crosses in the *Mayflower* with his father and mother, his two sisters and

New Folks co-ming, Oh my! New Folks co-ming, Oh my! New Folks co-ming, Oh my! Oh my! Oh my!

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Separate Star

By Loula Grace Erdman. *One of the few books centering around the life of teachers which can stand on its own feet as an interesting novel.* —Harl Douglas, *University of Colorado. Decorations by Janice Holland.* $2.25

The Good Ship Red Lily

By Constance Savery, author of *Enemy Brothers.* The inspiring story of Toby, an English Puritan lad, whose duty it was to keep secret his family's plan to sail for America. *Illustrated by Nedda Walker.* $2.25

LONGMANS, GREEN & COMPANY
55 Fifth Avenue, New York 3

—From the book, "Mayflower Boy."

the baby, Oceanus, born at sea. An incident soon after the landing illustrates the difference between this and the conventional, "school book" story of the Pilgrims. On the cold grey beach at Cape Cod, swept by icy winds, Giles and his father find a seal, either ill or wounded or half frozen. He is lying just above the water line while his mate swims anxiously about nearby. Giles wants to get the seal into the water again, but his pushing and pulling, even when his father helps him, has no effect. Then he remembers that "faith will move mountains." Stephen Hopkins gets out his pocket Bible and, after some deliberation, begins gravely to read the Book of Job. When his voice gives out, Giles takes his turn. It is extremely cold, and their throats smart and ache, but the whole Book of Job is read, while the seal lies motionless. Only with the last verse. . . . "And Job died, being old and full of days" . . . does he stir. Then, with a quiver of his whiskers that might have been a smile, he turns and slides quietly into the water. Wasn't it a seal that was converted to Christianity by the great Saxon saint, Wilfred?

The capture of Giles and young John Billings by the Narragansetts is conventional, but the influence on their fate of the "lodestone" is a new touch. There is, too, quite a bit of the Indian language used in the text, enough to rouse the curiosity and interest of some boys and girls. It is, on the whole, an unusually lively and readable record of a year that has been "done to death" in the history books. The chapter headings and decorations in black and white are effectively reproduced. M. G. D.

SPORTS IN STORY

SHIFT TO THE RIGHT: A Collection of Sport Stories. By B. S. Chute. Decorations by John C. Wonsetler. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1944. 231 *pp.* $2.

IN spite of the prejudice that many boys and girls have against short stories they are going to like these. The most popular sports are here: baseball, football, basket ball, rowing, skiing. The boys who take part in them are natural, likable, and humorous. They speak in the idiom of school and camp. They fling themselves into competition with the passionate enthusiasm that is common to all countries and all races. One of the most amusing of the stories is "The Cream Puff" in which a popular young movie star comes to a summer camp because "Dad thought it would be a good idea." He is followed, in the American tradition, by reporters and camera men. He is "ragged" unmercifully by the boys. But he finally wins through and gains their good will, breaking down the prejudice of even Carrots who suspects that every word he says and every motion he makes is acting and not human nature. This is good characterization.

There are eleven stories, all well worth reading. Girls like sport stories almost as well as boys do. This should have wide reading. M. G. D.

PURITANS AND INDIANS

FOX FIRE. By Gertrude Robinson. Illustrated by Woodi Ishmael. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1944. 246 *pp.* $2.

THIS story of a Puritan family in New England in the latter half of the seventeenth century might have been an important book. Unfortunately, it shows signs of hasty writing, of research not quite digested, of an objective not quite attained. And it deals with matters too weighty for its intended readers. The cover jacket informs us, in that maddeningly smug manner common to cover jackets, that " both boys and girls of ten and over will find. . . ." The truth is that the reading capacity of boys and girls "of ten and over" is as varied as the reading capacity of adults. Some of them will find a satisfying story in the adventures of Paul and Hepsy Turner. Some of them will wonder what it is all about. The real, or intended, values of the book will probably evade even thoughtful readers for the simple reason that they have not been made clear. The relationship between the Jesuit, Father Jerome, and the Puritans, between Father Jerome and the Indians, between the Puritans and the Indians; these are important phases of our early history that Miss Robinson gives us in snatches, fragments. To develop them logically she should have written a book for much older readers, and she should have given herself more time.

This is a book that one reads with mingled interest and irritation. It might easily have been an excellent historical novel. What boys and girls "of ten and over" make of it remains to be seen. M. G. D.

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THE PHOENIX NEST

(*Continued from page 28*)

rather, express a difference of opinion. He has a right to. So here it is:

> Beneath a superb and facile style Mr. Strunsky, it seems to me, displays a general reactionary tendency, which is only exceeded—in a far different way, to be sure—by Westbrook Pegler. In the first place Mr. Strunsky, to my way of thinking, is consistently anti-Russian. Under the guise of a bland impartiality he defends the status-quo line of the *Times* on any and every occasion. For a man like yourself, who evidently wishes for a far better economic system than the one we have, it seems strange to me, if I may say so, that this is apparently not fairly obvious to you. The prevalent tone of "Topics of the Times" is one of the utmost smug self-satisfiedness with things as they are that I have ever had occasion to read. Although a literary man, Mr. Strunsky seems never to have heard of Blake's "dark Satanic mills"; and the plain sycophantic Anglophile line of the *Times* is also displayed very frequently. Under the guise of a bland liberal point of view "Topics of the Times" is, to my way of thinking, the most insidious yes-and-no type of journalism. It occupies an appropriate place next to the bitterly anti-administration diatribes of the acidulous Arthur Krock.

Well, it's interesting how different people see different things! I should not *think* of mentioning Simeon in the same breath with Westbrook Pegler,—a writer utterly lost to salvation, if only because he hates poetry. Neither do I think Strunsky is anti-Russian. Else how could he have married his charming Russian wife? Who, by the way, knows more about revolution in Russia, from the very beginning, than most people I have met. Mr. Sayers, I'll take my oath that Mr. Strunsky heard of Blake's "dark Satanic mills" so long ago that he has almost forgotten it, yet I'd also lay bets that he can recite the poem the line is in! I do not always agree with him; yet I certainly do not see him as "smug." Strunsky is now, according to Webster's Biographical Dictionary, sixty-five years old, and has a right to a certain conservatism. As a journalist he has seen a good deal of life, and not all of it by any means pleasant. He is a modest man, with a lambent wit and an extremely kindly disposition; a keen observer of "the preposterousness of peccant humanity," as Elinor Wylie was fond of putting it. Yet he most certainly does not hate the human; he is very fond of it. But this will just embarrass him, so I had better stop.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

HOW CAN I FIND OUT? Information discreetly developed; any matter, person, problem; anywhere. International facilities. Established 1922. William Herman, 170 Broadway, New York.

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A PLAY that requires finance, depicting the wonders of private enterprise and the vicissitudes of every form of Socialism. Only congenial patrons' or angels' funds accepted. Box 235-K.

TRANSLATIONS: German, Polish, Greek. Latin. Inexpensive, expert linguist. Box 303-K.

THOUGHTFUL READERS interested in new literature of permanent value by promising young writers, subscribe to quarterly INTERIM, only literary magazine in the Pacific Northwest, 1536 Shenandoah Drive, Seattle 2, Washington. $1.50 a year. $.40 a copy.

LITERARY CONTEST: Open to amateurs and professionals. Long stories $25. Short stories $20. Light essays or sketches $20. Poems $20. Send for rules or address manuscripts now to: "The Villager," Bronxville, New York.

LADY COMPANION WANTED. Army Officer's widow, American, middle-aged, desirous of securing educated woman as social companion, and desirous of traveling. Lives in lovely home in country near large city. Fine climate, beautiful and agreeable surroundings. Speaks French, Spanish, and Italian. Husband had formerly been in diplomatic service. Satisfactory financial compensation to be made. Box 334-K.

ARTISTIC MAN, professionally busied New York State, attuned to beauty in art, nature, music, poetry and the dance, would correspond with female similarly conditioned seeking self-realization through larger horizons. Box 346-K.

BACKWOODS HERMIT, healthy, athletic American, wants letters from talkative, feminine, mature girl of happy disposition. If you like gardening, camping, cabins, tents, hiking, forests, simplified living, warm climate, outdoor fun, bird pets, outdoor books (Thoreau, Hudson, etc.), plain food and unhurried living, then your likes please my likes. Box 347-K.

RESEARCH ENGINEER, bachelor, thirty-ish, not tall, desires letters from sensitive young woman with understanding and laughter. Box 348-K.

TRUST COMPANY POSITIONS, permanent. Apt beginners. Stenographer with qualifications for advancement. Tax assistant. Fiduciary Trust Company of New York.

TWO MEN, engaged in writing their doctoral dissertations, need reasonable 2-bedroom apartment, midtown or Columbia University. Box 349-K.

AIMABLE YOUNG BACHELOR with many interests invites correspondence with contemporaries. Illinois area. Box 350-K.

WANTED: A darn fool who'll gamble on a voice. Box 351-K.

LADY WILL DO COOKING for adults, or travel. Box 352-K.

PERSONALS

PENNSYLVANIA GENEALOGIES a specialty. Efficiently searched. Box 226-K.

WANTED: A horse to exercise. Central Park or within one hour of New York City. Twenty years' experience, hunters, hacks, gaited horses. Box 327-K.

EXPERT RESEARCH WORKERS will unearth information you seek. Splaver Research Bureau, 720 Hunts Point Avenue, New York 59.

ENJOY OLD WORLD CHARM in America's oldest city. Valencia Hotel, St. Augustine, Florida.

CONNOISSEURS, GOURMETS, people who know coffee. . . . Famous blend, rich, winey taste, unforgettable aroma. Send $1 for trial package—2 pounds postpaid. Specify grind. Richard H. Toeplitz, 342 Madison Avenue, New York 17.

PETITE FEMME, twentyish, given to cultured pursuits, invides correspondence from gentlemen similarly inclined. Box 336-K.

DIGEST OF DIVORCE LAWS of each state in country. $1.00. Liberty Company, 1265 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

YOUNG LADY, interested in sports, invites correspondence from gentleman so inclined. Box 337-K.

INVETERATE TRAVELER, stymied by war conditions, seeks relief from restlessness in correspondence with congenial male souls who have been places and intend to see new scenes again. Box 338-K.

CITY-PENT LAD longs to correspond with a sweet, sensitive, young lass. Box 353-K.

YOUNG SCREEN-WRITER, sick to death of the naive twitterings of the pseudo-sophisticates, desires correspondence with twentyish females who are interested in the honest sham of California. Box 354-K.

TO FIND SUCCESS find yourself and your rich, creative talents. I've helped thousands. Dr. Tibolt, Sta. 5RL, 185 Godfrey, Philadelphia 20.

WOMAN, tired of working with juvenile minds, desires correspondence with mature people, fortyish. Box 355-K.

MAKE THIS YOUR HOME: Beautiful room, single-family house, telephone, large garden, full use kitchen, living-room, enclosed porch, grand piano. Congenial family. Lady. Jackson Heights. Box 356-K.

TEACHERS WANTED for country private school. Character, ideals, gusto more important than teaching experience. Box 357-K.

RURAL NEW ENGLAND MAN, no farmer, past fifty but very active, fastidious but not fancy, simple but not senile, conventional but curious, would welcome correspondence with woman mentally forty, stimulating but not too sophisticated. Box 339-K.

DISTRESSED MISS urgently needs pleasant one-room apartment. Prefer east midtown Manhattan. Is it hopeless? Box 340-K.

PROTESTANT MINISTER, wife, son six, wish to adopt girl, boy, four years or under. Will give finest cultural, religious training and affectionate home. Box 341-K.

(*Continued on next page*)

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 551)

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN:

IN NOVEMBER

(CANADIAN POET)

There was no sound about the wood
Save the wind's secret stir. I stood
Among the mullein-stalks as still
As if myself had grown to be
One of their sombre company.

.....

While something in my blood awoke,
A pleasure secret and austere.

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PERSONALS

(*Continued from page* 33)

SOUTHERN BUSINESS WOMAN of warm personality and pleasing appearance desires correspondence with middle-aged gentleman. Box 342-K.

YOUNG WOMAN, 23, college graduate (major: English; minor: French), wishes unusual job with interesting people and opportunity to meet more. Preferably five-day week, fifty dollars, in New York, but will consider less and elsewhere if sufficiently fascinating. Fond of animals, especially dogs and horses. Interested in people, writing, art, music, and drama. Box 343-K.

POET, ORIGINAL THINKER, interested philosophy, abnormal psychology, science. Box 360-K.

TYPEWRITER WANTED: Portable or insupportable, but usable. Rentable or buyable. Boxable 358-K.

FOR SALE: Woman's bicycle (British lightweight, like new), $70. Preferably to someone in Greenwich Village who will ride with me. Walker 5-9049, or write Box 359-K.

GENTLEMAN contemplating post-war sojourn Continental Europe would exchange ideas with others interested. Box 253-K.

GENTLEMAN, FORTYISH, wide variety of interests, welcomes interesting correspondence with refined, attractive lady. Box 361-K.

GENTLEMAN, COLLEGE GRADUATE, would like to teach Spanish, Portugese or French in exchange for conversational English. Box 362-K.

WANTED: Woman literary assistant, evenings and Saturdays, to lecturer and radio narrator. Eventual opportunity for wide travel and research. Box 363-K.

ENNUI GOT YOU? Write work-a-day miss, who relaxes schooling, violining, debating, sporting according to season, ad infinitum. Stimulation guaranteed. Box 364-K.

JIGSAW PUZZLES, 400 pieces up, few or many, wanted. Not necessarily new, but clean and complete. Write postpaid price. Burt, Box 224, Old Lyme, Conn.

AMUSING, INTELLECTUAL, CULTURED male, twentyish, expiring from boredom desires to correspond with same gender, similarly bored, on the arts. Box 365-K.

BOOK BUYER for large national chain; Chicago operation. Excellent opening for man with proper qualifications. Good salary. Write Box 932, Suite 617, 1457 Broadway, N. Y. C.

SOMEONE TO CARE—that universal need. Join THE FRIENDSHIP CLUB. Write Charlotte Kay, Box 670, Seattle, Wash. Postage, please.

YOUNG POET would like to rent studio apartment or room in New Orleans' French Quarter for two week's leave in December before overseas assignment. Box 366-K.

YOUNG MAN would like to correspond with young woman who combines intelligence, intellectuality, subtlety, profundity, and a certain degree of spirituality, without being stuffy about it. Box 367-K.

HIGHLY EDUCATED EUROPEAN, born U. S. citizen, living in California, fiftyish, single and lonesome, not tall, very healthy, good habits, and even disposition, keen sense of humor, wishes correspondence from a congenial, independent lady. Box 368-K.

GENTLEMAN, THIRTYISH, LONELY in the midst of crowds, interested in the unusual, psychological problems, literature, writings of Thomas Wolfe, would like to hear from woman having similar interests. Box 369-K.

PLEASE! Will the vandal
Who took* the silk umbrella with the bamboo handal,
Please return
It to J. Woodburn.**

*Luncheon, Oct. 6, Publishers' Branch, Independent Voters for Roosevelt in the Arts and Sciences, Murray Hill Hotel.

**Harcourt, Brace & Co.

PERSONALS

PROGRESSIVE WOMAN interested in forming Book Review Club with persons over thirty in publishing, book reviewing, and writing fields. Box 370-K.

CULTURED, MIDDLE-AGED LADY, alone in this cruel world, wants to cook and do light housework for one adult. Box 371-K.

FAIRLY INTELLIGENT INTELLECTUAL, tired of corresponding, would like to correspond with adequate female. Box 344-K.

ALTHOUGH HANDICAPPED by limited English, my brain is active with thoughts and colorful life, which with some dumb luck could be converted into money. I am looking for rewriter for fiction having typing ability. Location in vicinity New York City. Besides charming, simple, buoyant English, must have sharp imaginative mind and human understanding required to penetrate crocodile-skinned editors. Box 372-K.

LADY, TWENTYISH, loving life, Maine, music, desires stimulating correspondence re same. Box 373-K.

YOUNGISH WAR VETERAN, kinda lonely, would correspond with lovers of Bach, Boogie-Woogie and especially Ballet. Box 374-K.

YOUNG BACHELOR, New York State, "arty" but unaffected. Who else is, hm? Box 375-K.

PLEASE LEND OR LEASE small kerosene heater. Poet freezing in attic. Box 376-K.

HAVE INTERESTING IDEA for ex-servicewoman. Box 377-K.

APARTMENT, SUBURBAN NEW YORK; will sublet or sell furnishings; three rooms, ground floor, telephone, yard. Penn Station 35 minutes; transportation and shopping center one block. Box 378-K.

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The Crostics Club

YOU recall Professor Emeritus George Wagner, University of Wisconsin, who straightened out the porcupine-hedgehog situation and introduced us to that tinkling word, *pinkletink*. He comes to our rescue again in a *lunge-namaycush* confusion (WNI take note!): "*Namaycush* is practically a poet's name and you never hear of it elsewhere for *lunge* (an abbreviation of *muskallonge*). The dictionary might as well make *trout* a synonym of *bullhead* because in some areas of Kentucky the natives call the *bullhead* a *jack trout.*" Professor Wagner speaks from many years of intensive study of fish and fisheries in the Great Lakes and adjoining fresh-water bodies. In a different vein he goes on to say, "If the DCs had given me nothing more than the charming lines about *pinkletinks* sent in by Miss Grant some months ago I would feel repaid." It led to a correspondence with Sanford Tousy, Monroe, N. Y., author of the children's book in which he found the term. The author discovered its use in Martha's Vineyard. And Professor Wagner thanks our column for the term "Indolent Intellectual"; for now when his friends ask him what he keeps busy at since retiring, he "sticks out his chest, throws back his head disdainfully and replies, 'I am an Indolent Intellectual.'"

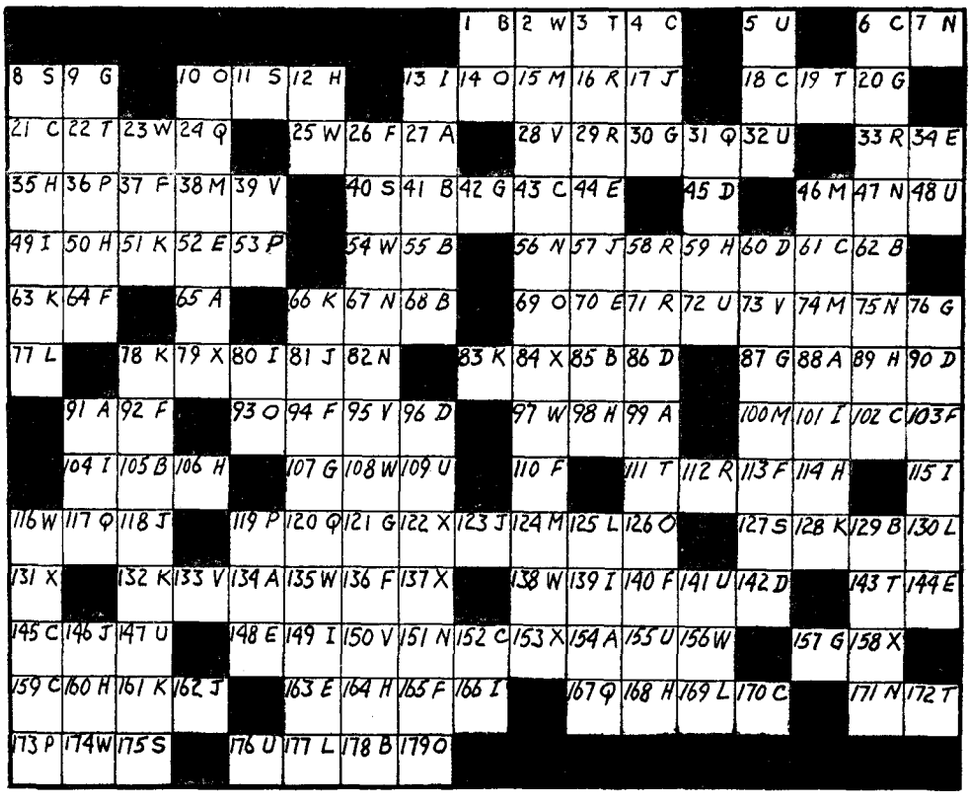
If there seems a sameness in the prose quotations I am going to give you from my research into Canadian literature, it is because I tried to compass the highlights among the statesmen who shaped the growth of the Dominion. Their foresight and vision are evident from the respective dates of their utterances. At any rate, we shall become familiar with the names honored in the history of our Northern Neighbor.

Carlton J. Hayes's views on nationalism as given you in DC No. 550 should be supplemented by reading his Essays in which he distinguishes between patriotism and nationalism. Just as the radio commentator introduces his forum speaker with "The views held by Mr. ——— are his own and not necessarily those of this station," so I sometimes select a quotation to give you food for diverse thought.

That book caught my eye as I was glancing at the shelves of the Mercantile Library, and I was led to reflect anew on the almost incredible bargain they offer for a membership of but $5 a year and what an inspiring Yuletide gift such a membership would make in these confusing times. (This comment is of my *own* devising, I assure you!)

That you may have an inkling of the mental calibre of our Steven Byington, I quote from a recent letter: "I celebrated the arrival of Series 16 by doing No. 1 mentally without writing anything down. I don't take any contract to do the same with all the puzzles of the series."

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 552

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 33 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Flaccid or wilted (Bot.)

B. Relaxed; dispersed; raveled.

C. Inexperienced; ignorant; silly.

D. A special form or dialect of Sumerian.

E. Recently cut down, as grass (comp.)

F. Desert plants or those growing under similar conditions.

G. Dull; stupid (comp.)

H. Unfeeling; cruel.

I. Aramatic word addressed by Jesus to the deaf-mute (Bib.)

J. Confining to a bed, as a disease (Med.)

K. George Eliot heroine (first name).

L. American woman writer and poet (1856-1935).

M. Husband of Creusa (Rom Myth.)

N. The plant Ophelia scattered for remembrance ("Hamlet").

O. Mischievous or tricky.

P. Piquant; exhilarating.

Q. Hades or the god of it (Rom. Myth.)

R. Victory marking the beginning of the Roman Empire (31 B. C.)

S. Under; below (It.)

T. Very advanced in style, etc. (Slang; comp.)

U. Pertaining to the bottom of the deeper parts of the sea.

V. Of, or by, legal right (Law-Lat.) (phrase).

W. White Huns overcome by the Turks about 500 B. C.

X. So far as (2 wds.)

WORDS

27 91 65 88 134 154 99

1 55 85 105 129 41 62 178 68

6 102 152 145 4 18 170 43 21 61 159

142 90 86 96 45 60

70 144 148 44 34 163 52

140 64 92 113 110 136 26 94 165 37 103

87 107 76 20 30 157 121 42 9

164 35 89 98 50 160 168 59 12 114 106

80 49 139 13 166 104 115 149 101

123 17 57 146 118 81 162

78 63 66 51 83 128 132 161

169 77 177 125 130

38 124 74 100 15 46

171 7 56 67 82 75 151 47

93 14 179 69 126 10

119 173 36 53

117 167 31 120 24

58 71 16 112 29 33

40 11 175 127 8

111 19 22 143 172 3

176 5 155 147 32 141 48 72 109

150 133 28 39 73 95

23 2 116 25 156 97 108 54 138 135 174

131 158 79 153 122 84 137

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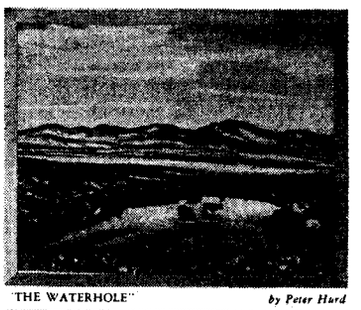

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